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John Trotter

GLEANINGS OF A
LONG LIFE.



GLEANINGS OF A LONG LIFE

EDITED BY
GEORGIANA LADY BLOOMFIELD

LONDON:
JOHN AND EDWARD BUMPUS, LTD.,
OXFORD STREET, W.

M.D.CCCCII.

Dedication

TO

HER HIGHNESS

Princess Marcel Czartoryska

(Née CARAMAN CHIMAY)

Whose sympathy and affection have cheered
and brightened my declining years these
“GLEANINGS OF A LONG LIFE” are dedicated
by her old but loving Friend,

GEORGIANA BLOOMFIELD.

BRAMFIELD HOUSE,

January, 1902.

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P R E F A C E

In offering these "GLEANINGS OF A LONG LIFE" to my readers, I am influenced by the one desire to call their attention, or it may be, to recall to their memory, thoughts, sentiments, and feelings which have often afforded me both pleasure and instruction. Some of the extracts have never been published, others, though well-known, can hardly be too often read, and so without further explanation or apology, "I cast my bread upon the waters."

I must, however, express my grateful thanks to the Countess of Lytton, Lady Rose Weigall, Mrs. Goulburn, Mrs. Romanes, Mrs. William Grey, Miss Froude, Miss Rose Kingsley, Professor Lane Poole, the Bishop of Oxford, the Rev. A. L. Jukes, Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co., Mr. John Murray, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., Messrs. Blackwood, the Editors of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*; Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston, and Co., Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Mr. George Allen, the Religious Tract Society, Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Messrs. A. and C. Black, for permission to print these extracts.

GEORGIANA BLOOMFIELD.
BRAMFIELD HOUSE,

HERTFORD.

January, 1902.

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PART I.

LETTER

Written by the Earl of Kilmarnock to his son on the
eve of his execution, 1746.

"I beg leave to say two or three things to you as my last advice. Seek God in your youth, and when you are old He will not depart from you. Be at pains to acquire good habits now, that they may grow up and become strong in you. Love mankind and do justice to all men. Do good to as many as you can, and neither shut your eyes nor your ears to the cry of distress when it is in your power to relieve. Believe me, one beneficial action will afford you more pleasure, and in your cool moments you will be more happy, in the reflection that you have made one person so, who, but for your assistance, would have been miserable, than in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of sense (which pall in the using) and of all the pomp and gaiety show of the world. Live within your circumstances, by which means you will have in your power to do good to others, and create an independence in yourself; the surest way to rise in the world."

"Memoirs of the Pretenders" by Tape.

"Les plus heureux sont ceux qui voient au delà. J'ai vécu paisible avec un souvenir, je meurs paisible avec une espérance. Ne demandez pas impérieusement au Tout Puissant, qui vous a créé pour le bonheur éternel, de vous prodiguer encore le terrestre bonheur, qui pour lui fuit comme une minute. Ouvrez votre cœur à la foi. La foi est une belle aube qui, commençant à poindre, va continuellement croissant en clarté jusqu'au plein jour."

"Une Histoire Hollandaise." Madame d'Arbouville

She might indeed pray for release from an existence which had become insupportable! and perhaps in the rebellion of a young and suffering heart she did give utterance to the impatient wish. But let mortals adore the infinite power, who, pitying the weakness of short-sighted humanity, answers not those prayers. It is the first pang of severe suffering that wrings them from us; in time we learn to endure, and in the evening of a chequered life, we look back, perhaps, on those very moments of sorrow with the greatest gratitude, and say, with the Poet—

"Amid my blessings infinite

Stands this the foremost, that my heart has bled."

"Marriage in High Life."

The virtues of the poor! . . . Their countless trials, their patient toil! Their sublime because unknown and unrequited sacrifices! History does not

record them—multitudes do not applaud them. The doers of such deeds travel on their weary journey through life, and go down to their graves unknown, unnoticed, though perchance not unwept by some obscure sufferer like themselves ; but a crown is laid up for them, there, where many first shall be last, and many last shall be first ! Wearied creatures who, after working all day with aching heart perhaps, or a low fever consuming them, creep out at night to attend on some neighbour more wretched than themselves, and carry to them a share of their own scanty meal. Mothers who toil all day, and nurse at night sickly and peevish children. Those who, with the racking cough of consumption, and the deadly languor of disease upon them, work on and strive and struggle and toil, till life gives way. Parents, whose children cry to them for food when they have none to give. Beings, tempted on every side, stained into guilt, baited into crime, who still resist, who do *not* kill, who do *not* steal, who do *not* take the wages of iniquity, who do not curse and slander, and who if they do not covet are indeed of those “ of whom the world is not worthy.” And we—WE the self-indulgent, we the very slaves of luxury and ease, we who can hardly bear a toothache or a sleepless night. We go among the poor (who, if they are that to be which must require a higher stretch of virtue than we have ever contemplated), give them a nod of approbation, and utter a cold expression of ap-

proval ; they have done their duty, and had they not done it, had they fallen into the thousand snares which poverty presents, had the pale mother snatched for the famishing child a morsel of food, had the sorely tempted and starving girl pawned for one day the shirt in her keeping, then justice would have overtaken them, and mercy shut her ears to their cries. And if they have not transgressed the law of the land, but for a while given over the struggle in despair, and sat down in their miserable garrets with fixed eyes and folded arms, and resorted to the temporary madness of gin, or the deadly stupor of laudanum then we (who into our very homes often admit men whose whole lives are a course of idleness and selfish excess), turn from them in all the severity of our self-righteousness, and on the wretched beings, who, perhaps, after years of secret struggles yield at last—not to passion, not to vanity, but to hunger—with despair in their heart, and madness in their brain—we direct a glance, which we dare not cast on guilt and depravity, when it meets us in our crowded drawing rooms in all the pomp and circumstance of guilty prosperity.—“ *Grantley Manor.*”

Great and indelible, the influence of a good mother over the minds as well as the hearts of her children. It is by example, by the influence of deep devotion to the welfare of the object to whom she has given being, that she aids in their moral and spiritual de-

velopment, whether in a palace or a cottage. Imperceptible as its daily growth may be, the effects of a good mother's daily care of her children are as surely effectual, as a gardener's care is visible in the development of the plant. The soft tones of love, the incessant watchfulness of the mother's eye, the quick perception of the mother's judgment, her accurate knowledge of her children's dispositions, all contribute to form the character of her offspring, in an extraordinary degree. Nothing is so quickly learnt as from the mind of the mother. The child derives its earliest direction, perceptibly or imperceptibly; whether for good, or alas! for evil, this is the case, for the surest sympathy of the mother for her own offspring, is both physical and moral. How can it be otherwise? In her bosom she has nourished the germ of their physical being; her spirit must have operated on their existence before they saw the light; her arms have enfolded them in their helpless infancy; the soft tones of maternal love have been to them the first sounds connected with pleasing impressions; her incessant care has shielded them from pain and sorrow in their little infantine troubles. This cannot be forgotten in after life. It is an indelible impression, though sometimes temporarily effaced, and exists through all the changes of time. It is the primitive spark which kindles in after life all that is good and pure in the circle of the affections. The harmonious impression remains,

even to the last hours of existence. The Æolian harp retains still its powers of giving forth sweet sounds, although it can vibrate only in the sweet air of Heaven. Such a state of innocence and purity in the infant mind under the care of a good mother may be compared to the atmosphere of Heaven. However, the precepts of a tender parent may seem to be undermined by contact with the world, even after the loss of the hallowed influence by death or separation, the principle endures. Let every parent think and feel that when the silent grave shall receive them, the loving principle they have inculcated, either by influence or example, will remain and probably bear fruit that will do honour to their memory. Often will the memory of the loved and lost contribute to strengthen the weak or wavering, and often will the noble example of the departed parent excite the highest aspirations to do honour to the memory of those to whom we owe our being. The last evening is always too sad for words. The change, whatever the change may be, is too near to be spoken of. It cannot be talked over lightly, sadly it must not be, for the inmost grief is too near the surface to be restrained if once the fountain is unsealed.—“*Discipline of Life.*” Vol. I.

Les qualités de l'âme, quand elles sont vraies, ont toujours besoin d'être devinées. . . . Quel enchantement que cette première lueur d'intelli-

gence avec ce qu'on aime. Avant que le souvenir entre en partage avec l'espérance avant que les paroles aient exprimées les sentiments, avant que l'éloquence ait su peindre ce que l'on éprouve, il y a dans ces premiers instants je ne sais quel mystère d'imagination plus passager que le bonheur même, mais plus céleste encore que lui. . . . "

Madame de Staël.

Les idées mélancoliques ont beaucoup de charmes, tant qu'on n'a pas été soi-même profondément malheureux; mais quand la douleur dans toute son âpreté s'est emparée de l'âme, on n'entend plus sans tréssailler de certains mots, qui jadis n'excitaient en nous que des rêveries plus ou moins douces.—*Ibid.*

There is a sort of instinct, a kind of Freemasonry understanding with certain of our fellow creatures that touches the mainspring of the heart and opens it out to their confidence. It is that true Christian spirit, bearing, simplicity of manner, and tender sympathy which is conveyed more by a look than many words. . . .

However old, plain, humble, desolate, afflicted we may be, so long as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark of life, they preserve also shining near that pale ember a starved ghostly longing for appreciation and affection. To this extenuated spectre, perhaps,

a crumb is not thrown once a year, but when ahungred and athirst to famine—when all humanity has forgotten the dying tenant of a decaying home, Divine mercy remembers the mourner, and a shower of Manna falls from lips that earthly nutriment is to pass no more. Biblical promises, heard first in health, but unheeded, come whispering to the couch of sickness, it is felt that a pitying God watches what all mankind have forsaken, the tender compassion of Jesus recalled and relied on, the faded eye gazing beyond time sees a Home, a Friend, a Refuge in Eternity.—“*Shirley*.”

Some characters can let themselves out more by writing than by any other medium. This, perhaps, is generally the case when the disposition is inclined to reserve. The tongue is often fettered by an unaccountable shyness, an unwillingness to present thoughts and feelings bare, as it were, to our dearest friends; but to the pen everything is so readily confided, all restraint is removed, the whole soul is poured forth and committed to the perusal of the person addressed.—“*Adelaide Lindsay*.”

None can tell among the thousand memories of the past what will touch them most! Hearts that are nerved and bear unshaken what lookers-on might deem the most likely things to move them, will break down before some trivial image—some unexpected

turn of thought. So I have seen people talk calmly, even cheerfully of their dead—and lo! some chance word upon another occasion, some strain of music, some scene in a picture, some flower or breath of wind will send forth a spirit strong enough to lift off the stone that covers the sealed fountain of their tears—sealed, but not dried up.

Life is long but youth is brief: if we can but struggle through that the rest is comparatively easy. Remember that what you do now will be irrevocable. No one can say, "Give me my life back again, and I will make a better use of it." By what we do, we must abide. The rapid present, flowing by like the unreturning river, bears us from our past into our future without a pause. We can but look back and see our joys, our griefs, our faults and our mistakes, lying like stranded weeds on the shore of time. We cannot return and lift them away. We cannot alter our former course, because we see better now where the great shoal lay. It behoves us then to weigh well what we mean to do before we do it. How solemn it seems when even a fellow-creature says to us, "I will give you an hour to consider!" Yet God gives us every hour to consider what our course shall be, and we will not employ that hour. Like a map where boundaries are unmarked, our life lies trackless before us, and we go forward at hazard, for forward we must go—in that alone we have no choice.

Stuart of Dunleath.

A thought written in warm sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it are dust, is verily as a ghost. It is the likeness struck off of the fond human being and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the churchyard yield like the writing of the dead?

"My Novel." L. Bulwer.

There can be no entire satisfaction for our affections in any created thing. Just as far indeed as we seek God in them, earthly affections do become a rest for our spirits, but they can never satisfy all our need. No human sympathy can be perfect; it cannot come close enough to us; it cannot reach the centre of our being. There are inner tones in our souls, of which we are at times painfully conscious, to which nothing of this earth can perfectly respond. God has wrought these wonderful powers into our nature that we might be capable of communion with Him, and might be driven to Him, by finding short of Him no perfect rest, no true law of perfection. There are deep wants in our nature that none but He can satisfy.

Wilberforce.

"Facesti nos propter te, et inquietum est con nostrum donec requiescat in te.—*St. Augustin.*

Wonderful are the alleviations with which infinite mercy strews the path of suffering; wonderful the gentleness of hand which pours balm into our wounds, almost while yet it probes them; wonderful the patience of that Divine love which spends year after year, so to speak, in wiling us from the smooth, easy, flowery road we love, to the straight gate and narrow way! But there is always this comfort: the further we advance, the more clearly shall we recognise the guiding hand of God, and the more steadfast will grow our trustfulness. However, all depends upon ourselves. Neither in pain, nor in sorrow, is there anything which of necessity is sanctifying in its nature. On the contrary, we see every day of our lives that they harden men in ingratitude, or turn them into rebels. Well has it been said that not to grow better under trial is misery, but that to grow worse is perdition! And yet alas! there is scarcely a sight more common. God does all He can to separate us from the love of the world, and to draw us into ever deepening communion with Himself. But He does not compel us. He sends the trial, and by it, or rather through it, we may be sanctified if we will, but all depends on that *if we will*. And what a will is ours! How hard to break it; how difficult to bring it into subjection; in our own strength how impossible! Happy they who receive their chastenings as from a father's hand, and who so discipline themselves as that, while all is cheerless without, all

is bright and happy within. Happy they who from a sick bed, or a couch of pain, preach the most eloquent of all sermons, in the silence of good example, by the exercise of all the talents committed to their trust, and the discharge of all the duties which they can ascertain devolve upon them.

"Wyndicote Hall." Paget.

L'absence diminue les médiocres passions et augmente les grandes, comme le vent éteint les bougies et allume le feu.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Long absences extinguish all the false lights, though not the true ones. The lamps are dead in the ball room of yesterday, but a thousand years hence the stars we look on to-night will burn as brightly.

Lytton Bulwer.

How thoroughly will the character of an early love tinge the whole of life. For affections are like flowers; they derive their sweetness and their bloom from the soil in which they grow. Some budding into joy and gladness amid the tinkling splash of a glittering fountain, live on ever bright and beautiful; others struggling on amid thorns and wild weeds, overshadowed by gloom, preserve their early impressions to the last, and their very sweetness tells of sadness.

Lever.

As through an opening in a dense wood we come unexpectedly upon the view of a wide tract of country, unfolding features of landscape unthought of, and unlooked for, so occasionally does it happen in conversation, that a chance allusion, a mere word will develop sources of interest bound up till that very moment, and display themes of mutual enjoyment which were unknown before—just as a geologist, passing over untrodden ground, may suddenly discover the first traces of the soil or mine which contains untold riches.

Action is that Lethe in which alone we forget our former dreams; and the mind, that too stern not to wrestle with its emotions, seeks to conquer regret, must leave itself no leisure to look behind. Who knows what benefits to the world may have sprung from the sorrow of the benefactors? As the harvest gladdens mankind in the sunshine of autumn was called forth by the rains of spring, so the griefs of youth may make the fame of futurity.—*L. Bulwer.*

On ne devrait s'étonner que de pouvoir encore s'étonner!

It is not what we do, but why we do it that is of consequence. How often we say to ourselves, speak-

ing of things of the world: "It does not signify, it is all in the day's work." And so, neither does it signify in the concerns of another world whether we are called upon to rule a kingdom, or break stones for the road, if only what we do is *work*; work that shall turn to account in the reckoning of the long day of life; work for Him to whom nothing is great, and therefore nothing can be small!

Those are rare and precious moments which are snatched from the whirl of life, and spent in stillness and alone. Even when they are not devoted to direct meditation and appear too fleeting to be productive of good, yet they tend to give us a knowledge of the realities which encompass us. By the depth of their solemnity and repose, they remind us that beneath the surface of this frivolous existence there is another world—another and an enduring life . . . and if our hearts are open to the truth, they may sometimes teach us to remember that, as in far off years, the glorious Temple rose silently in the City of Jerusalem, neither axe, nor hammer, nor tool giving notice or warning of the work; so the more glorious Temple, the Church of the living God, is at this moment rising unperceived in the midst of a tumultuous world, each stone quarried and fashioned by the sharp edge of sorrow, and the keen stroke of adversity, until perfected and prepared it is fitted for that destined position which shall be the place of its rest for eternity.—*"The Earl's Daughter."*

Suspensions among thoughts, are like bats among birds, they fly by twilight.—*Bacon.*

Let mercies be remembered as well as enjoyed, and they must be as light in our dark days, and as shields in our perilous By every tear which God has wiped from your eyes, by every anxiety which He has soothed, by every fear which He has dispelled, by every want which He has supplied, by every mercy which He has bestowed, strengthen yourself for all that awaits you through the remainder of your pilgrimage. Look onwards, if need be, to new trials, to increased perplexities, yea, even to Death itself; but look on what is past, as well as what is to come; and you will be enabled to say of Him, in whose hand are your times: His future dealings will be what His former have been—fulfilment of His promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

Melville's Sermons.

You are mixing up two very different things in your head, and you ought to get clear about them. You talk of "seeking to get your living," and "doing some real good in the world," in the same breath. Now, you may get a very good living in a profession, and yet doing no good at all in the world, but quite

the contrary ; at the same time keep the latter before you as your first object, and you will be right whether you make a good living or not ; but if you dwell on the latter you will very likely drop into sure money-making, and let the world take care of itself for good or evil. Don't be in a hurry about finding your work in the world for yourself, but just look about you in the place you find yourself in, and try to make things a little better and honester there. You will find plenty to keep your hand in wherever you go, but don't be led away to think this part of the world important, and that unimportant. Every corner of the world is important. No man knows whether this part or that is most so, but every man may do more honest work in his own corner.

I am glad to get back to a church where I can feel more at home, and yet, perhaps, if one were nearer what one longs to be, these external things would have less power, and one would better realize the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them ;" so that discomforts would be only very secondary after all—as if one had been permitted to draw near our blessed Lord on earth and had been jostled by the crowd on its way. Yet as we are now one is glad of every help we can have on our way.

None are such stern judges as the young and pure. They have not stood in the furnace blast of strong temptation, and because their innocence is untried they regard it as impregnable. In their self-confident pride they think "I would do this," or "I could not do that," because they have yet to learn that below all our endeavours, our striving, our hopes, our fears, our loves, there is an undercurrent of circumstance that eddies us to and fro, sometimes placing us high on the happy shore where we would be, but just as often drifting us far from it, and throwing us wrecked, broken, and helpless upon one of the barren islands of life, where we may patiently await Death's coming for our deliverance because no fair bark of Hope shall ever set sail for us again.

"Sylvan Holt's Daughter."

Dr. Arnold had a strong feeling against Goethe yet . . . "That one word at the end of Faust does indeed make it to my mind a great work instead of a piece of devilry." "Still," he said, "I cannot get over the introduction. If it had been by one without any relation to God or his fellow creatures, it would be different—but in a human being it is not to be forgiven. To give entirely without reverence a representation of God is in itself blasphemous."

It is in speaking of God that what we call the Bible taking it altogether through and through, has such a manifest superiority to everything else. When the

Almighty condescends to make Himself known it is by an Angel, or in some manner that keeps all safe.

Your mention of the article on the "Life of Christ" encourages me to allude to it. I heard it spoken of before I had the least idea of the author, and spoken of with regret, not as unorthodox, but as painful to a Christian from its purely historical tone. Now, I think that this is a reasonable source of pain, supposing the fact to be as stated, because in such a case neutrality is almost the same as hostility. To read an account of Christ, written as by an indifferent person, is to read an unchristian account of Him, because no one who acknowledges Him can be indifferent to Him, but stands in such relation to Him that the highest reverence must ever be predominant in his mind when thinking or writing of Him. And again, what is the impartiality which is required? Is it that a man shall neither be a Christian, nor yet not a Christian? The fact is that religious veneration is inconsistent with what is called impartiality; which means that as you see some good and some evil on both sides, you identify yourself with neither and are able to judge of both. And this holds good with all human parties and characters, but not with what is Divine, and consequently perfect, for then we should identify ourselves with it, and are perfectly incapable of passing judgment upon it. If I think that Christ was no more than Socrates (I do not mean in degree, but in kind), I

can, of course, speak of Him impartially, that is, I assume at once that there are faults and imperfections in His character, and on these I pass my judgment ; but if I believe in Him, I am not His judge, but His servant and His creature, and He claims the devotion of my whole nature because He is identical with goodness, wisdom, and holiness. How can I assume another feeling and another language? because this is compromising the highest duty—it is like denying Him instead of confessing Him. This all passed through my mind when I heard that the article was written in a purely historical tone, and yet stated the Resurrection as a matter of fact. Now, if the Resurrection be true, Christianity surely is true, and then how can we think of Christ except religiously? A very able friend of mine made the same objection to Victor Cousin's tone. "It is," he says, "a patronising of Christianity," that is, he spoke of it as one who could judge it, and look upon it as it were *de loco superiori*—a condition inconsistent altogether with the relations of man to God when once acknowledged There seems to me rather a vague notion prevalent about impartiality and fair judgment in some matters of religion, which is really running into scepticism as to all. There is abundant room for impartiality in judging of religious men, or of men's opinions about religion, just as of their opinions about anything else ; but with regard to God and His truth, impartiality is a mere contradiction, and if we profess to be im-

partial about all things, it can only be that we acknowledge in error that mark of Divinity which claims Divine adherence, and with regard to which impartiality is profaneness.

Life of Dr. Arnold. Letter 154.

Reality is in *life*, not in vivid imagining. He then realizes things to come, who, in all things of choice, chooses as one to whom things eternal are *real*, whose chief aim in all he does is, not the fleeting end, which will soon have passed away, but that which abides, the good pleasure of his God. He "realizes" what prayer is who knows that of himself he is nothing, but that God can do all things for him, and prays. He "realizes" what Holy Communion is who meditates upon the goodness of God's gifts beforehand, prepares his soul for it, prays his Lord to come under his roof, and lives afterwards as knowing whereof he has been a partaker. He "realizes" what repentance is, who forsakes his sin, and sorrows that he ever offended his God. He "realizes" what humanity is who is humble; he, what charity is, who is loving in act, and tender in word, and denies himself for Christ's poor.

Dr. Pusey's Sermons. Vol. II., p. 297.

Those who are most tried should be cheered by the pleasant thought that their patient example teaches

far better than any preacher ; it is one of the uses of adversity.

"The thorns upon a rose stalk," said Professor Cohen, "are emblems of modesty in woman, intended to ward off rough handling, not to inflict deep wounds."

Que le cœur soit bien réglé, et le cœur se chargera de régler la vie.

Christianity is not so much recognising Christ's perfection as feeling our own imperfection, which makes us realize our need of Him.

Summer spent amid whatever is exquisite in Art, or wild and picturesque in Nature, the sunny, shadowy, breezy, wandering life in which an artist seeks for beauty as his treasure and gathers for his winter's honey what is but a passing fragrance for other men, is worth living for, come afterwards what may ; even if he die unrecognised the artist has had his share of enjoyment and success. . . .

"Transformation." Hawthorne.

The love of an innocent soul is often the guardian angel that guides a man's steps to the best actions of his life.

Porquoi rougir d'une chose qu'on ne sait pas? Je voudrais bien mieux rougir de certaines choses que je sais.

Le but n'est pas placé devant nous pour l'atteindre absolument, mais pour absolument y viser.

Coming Home! In different years how differently sound the words! They who in all their wanderings have still the little, well-filled, love-expectant nest whereto they may wing their way, should think sometimes of the many there are to whom the whole wide world is all alike; whose sole rest must be in themselves; who never can truly say, "I am going home," until they say it with eyes turned lovingly towards a Home unseen.—*Olive*.

When we look back into the past, when we re-open tombs, we owe to the dead we draw from them, complete and scrupulous justice. In bringing them again upon the stage we ought to review the ideas and sentiments they exhibited there. In assigning their respective parts we should equably distinguish their personal interests and rights, and not mix up with their ashes the living coals of our own hearth.

Neither the labours of political, nor the pleasures of worldly life have ever satisfied me. These are but superficial enjoyments, no matter how potent or

agreeable they may be. Far below the surface, within the depths of the soul there are long and close intimacies, affectionate regards, words of confidence, total unreserve, the tranquillity and warmth of the domestic hearth; these are what open and truly fill the heart. Solomon said too much when he exclaimed: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Political activity, social importance, power, the world, the success of ambition, and self-love—all these are something, and, even at this hour I do not disdain them, but, I have never felt satisfied with resting on them; as we feel satisfied with resting on internal happiness. Why, then, dedicate so large a portion of life, and with so much labour to that which brings so little in return? It is that we belong to our vocation much more than to ourselves; we obey our nature rather than our will. I have given myself up to public affairs as water runs, or flame ascends. When I saw the occasion, when the event called upon me, I neither deliberated nor selected. I betook myself to my part. We are instruments in the hands of a superior Power, which applies us, according to or against our inclination, to the use for which He has made us.

Guizot's Embassy to the Court of St. James'.

There has been a Church of God, ever since there was a promise for Faith to lay hold of, but how

different the forms which the Church has taken at different stages of her career! How different the law from the Patriarchal religion, the Prophets from the law, and Christianity from the Prophets. How different the modern forms of Christianity from its ancient form. Yet our hope and our faith is the same as that of Apostles and Apostolic men, and our Sacraments are essentially one with theirs. *Unity is not uniformity.* Unity is harmony, uniformity is monotony. Do not stickle for uniformity as long as unity is secured. The having the same order of worship the same liturgical observancies, the same hymns and the same prayers in the same method of arrangement. Friends, the unity of the Church of Christ does not consist in this—nay, but in the spiritual worship of Our Lord, in the common confession of our Faith, in the filial acknowledgment of one God and Father, and through all and in all to find the living, growing principles which knit together the different members of the Body of Christ “male and female, barbarians, Scythians, bond and free,” which cement the structure of the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, “Jerusalem built as a city that is at unity in itself.”

Goulburn on the Communion Office.

Something there is in the recollection of times and seasons that seem not to belong to real life, but are

rather an episode in its history ; they are like some wandering into an ideal world, they refuse to blend with our ruder associations, they live in us apart and alone to be treasured over, but not lightly recalled. There are none living to whom we can confide them, who can sympathise with what we then felt. It is this that makes poetry, and that page which we create as a confidant to ourselves, necessary to the thoughts that weigh upon the heart. We write, for writing is our friend, the inanimate paper is our confessional ; we pour forth on it the thoughts that we could tell to no private ear, and are relieved and consoled ; and if genius has one prerogative dearer than the rest, it is that which enables it to do honour to the Dead . . . to revive the beauty, the virtues that are no more, to wreath chaplets that outlive the day, round the brow which were else forgotten by the world There are two lives in each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other : the life of our actions, the life of our minds ; the eternal and the inward history, the movements of the frame, the deep and ever-restless workings of the heart ! They that have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years, without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations, the mechanical progress of our existence, yet by the last we are judged the first is never known. History reveals men's deeds, men's outward character, but

not themselves. There is a secret self that hath its own life "recorded by a dream," unpenetrated, unguessed.—*Lytton Bulwer. "Pilgrims of the Rhine."*

Le dernier adieu dit tant de choses, lors même qu'il ne trouve pas de paroles pour exprimer ce qu'il ressent. . . il *dit* "adieu" il *espère* au revoir . . .

Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be bought for a few number of pence, and you talk of them for a certain number of days, but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of Art is the beautiful!

Matthew Arnold's Essays.

It is the object of such Parables as that of the "Tares and the Wheat," or that of the great net let down into the sea, and which gathered of all kinds, bad as well as good, to teach us that there is to be a mixture in the visible Church, and that it is not men's business to attempt a separation. We are all too much disposed to exercise a spirit of judgment, to pronounce opinions on the condition of our fellow men, whether the living or the dead, just as though we had access to God's book, and could infallibly read its registered decisions. But there is everything in the Bible to warn us against this spirit of judgment and to urge us, on the contrary, to a spirit of

charity. Our inability to read the heart, which is the prerogative of God alone being given as a sufficient reason why we should refrain from passing verdicts ; and our duty as members of the same mystic body, being set forth as that of "hoping all things," and bearing one another's burthens, rather than scrutinizing one another's faults—and a very comforting thought it is, that we are not to stand or fall by a human decision that our position for eternity is not to be settled by what men think of us here, for so furious is the spirit of religious party, and so determined are numbers on making their own favourite dogmas the only passport to Heaven, that many of the most lowly followers of Christ would be given over to perdition, and many of the most arrogant boasters chartered for everlasting life, were the verdict of the Christian world to be final, and no appeal to reach a higher tribunal.

Je n'ai entendu Madame Schumann qu'une fois à Londres, et elle m'a fait une vive impression. Quand elle joue l'on est frappé par le caractère de son âme qu'on touche si sensiblement à travers cette musique qui est le résumé le plus éloquent de sa vie entière, cette vie si douloureuse et si vaillante à la fois.—*Letter from M.C.*, 1866.

If I were the father of a family all the members of it should learn music. Almost all children have

naturally good ears, and can catch tunes easily; and strange to say, they are able to master the mysteries of time much better at an early age than they can later. Girls and boys should be taught to play the pianoforte, which, although it wants the power of melting one sound into another, that touching human effect that some other instruments possess, is invaluable in bringing almost every variety of music within reach, and permitting one, through arrangements and adaptations, to become acquainted to a certain degree, with nearly all the thoughts of the greatest composers. At a more advanced age I would have them learn the grammar of music, thorough bass and harmony. The knowledge of the principles upon which the greatest composers worked, and the examination of the manner in which they worked would be a study of great interest, and would but add to the admiration with which they are regarded.

Those children who happen to be great musical geniuses would only build the better for building upon such foundations, and those who were not, having been taught by their early education what real greatness is, and by the same process to comprehend what real littleness is also, in default of the claims of talent would probably achieve that of modesty, and instead of becoming indifferent executants, would resign themselves to being intelligent and understanding listeners, a race of which the world stands greatly in need of. The effeminate slothfulness which makes

people content to go on having their ears tickled by the old, beaten, worn-out forms, from which such life as they possessed has long since departed, and leads them to seek these gratifications which make the least possible demand upon their intelligence, will give way to the wholesome pleasure of a nobler pleasure at a nobler price, and they will gradually become willing to give of their best to the right understanding of the works of great men. Our musical entertainments would also undergo a considerable revolution in the matter of their duration; in proportion as they grew purer in quality they would inevitably become curtailed in quantity; for it would be simply a moral and physical impossibility to give of our best for the same number of consecutive hours that are now consecrated to a something—I will not call it music—which appeals to not one of the higher faculties of our organisation.

Adelaide Sartoris.

Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion. And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest, the expansion of our humanity to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a general expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible

while the individual remains isolated; the individual is obliged, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward; and here, once more, it lays on us the same obligation as religion.—*Matthew Arnold*.

Butler points out that the passive contemplation of suffering, without any effort to relieve it, tends to deaden our sympathies rather than quicken them, and all experience goes with him. It is true in the same way that the quiescent pursuit of self culture, even in its highest forms, unaccompanied by an active interest in the social or moral problems that surround us, is more likely to enervate and demoralise our mental energies than to brace them.

“*Edinburgh Review*,” July, 1867.

In all buildings raised by man for his own use there is a plain serving of a visible end; but the purely impersonal character of the thought of those nameless architects who built for the glory of God alone, the lavish pouring out of all man's best gifts for what was thought to be His service, is a very grand and touching testimony to the intenseness of the belief in the unseen in those days, which we have not gained by losing.—*Lettice Lisle*.

There is in all strong affection a purity and an intense reality that marks the individual in whom it has been awakened to the highest pitch of excellence. It is not a passion, it is a worship, a religion teaching the sublimest lessons of self-abnegation and sacrifice, and suffering, and tender humility, as it feels every instant its unworthiness of the object loved ; for the more tenderly one loves, so much the more does one discover in oneself defects rather than virtues ; and in that also love is like the sun. By daylight our rooms look clean and free from dust ; but let in a sunbeam ; we see what an atmosphere of motes we are living in.—*Lady Herbert.*

We little know the issues of each day we pass through ; for we cannot tell the end from the beginning ; but when we consider all that happens to us on earth, as germs of eternal things, how many blessed combinations of heavenly love and intimacy in the world above may arise from passing intercourse ! Journeys from which we may have shrunk may prove to have been the beginning of eternal friendships ; strangers whom we may have feared to encounter may be a source of eternal joy. Eternity, if we could but realise it, throws a wondrous glow over time.

I think there are at least one hundred times in the Bible, where God's people are told "fear not," or "be not afraid." I suppose it is because they

are naturally so full of needless fears, and it is so difficult to cast them all upon the Lord, and have full confidence of heart and quietness of spirit in resting on Him.

It is written in that same Word which cannot fail, "Whatever two or three of you agree to ask, it shall be done." Here is the promise. Promises are the food of faith, but faith is not sight. If the gifts were at once in the very form and colour we expected, there would be no room for faith; but when we cry day and night, and there is nothing done to cause us to be silent; when we ask for light and darkness thickens; when we plead for peace, and doubts and fears multiply; when we beg for ease, and pain grows sharper,—then to believe the prayer was heard is pure faith. Light is all against it, but God's Word asserts it, and so the soul waits on, holding fast by that, and that alone, till at last, with an interest multiplied a hundred fold, the promised boon is given. It is a hard strife, but if the tempted soul is but conqueror, God is honoured And despite of all the child will not distrust his Father's love and truth.

Memorials of F. and E. Bickersteth.

I have a belief of my own, and it comforts me, that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against

evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

"Middlemarch."—G. Eliot.

To represent Christianity to the imagination as a blight that withers all the flowers, which the hand of a merciful Providence has so liberally scattered around us, is to disturb the harmony which subsists between the word and the works of the Creator. The exclusive system—following up the principle of separating its disciples from everything which interests the generality of men—prescribes an absolute rejection of what it designates as worldly literature. This system, if strictly followed, would effect the annihilation of all the arts and sciences which refine our nature, which raise the level of intellect and cultivate the taste, and which fit the understanding for the profitable reception of better things. Again, the highest perfection to which we can attain, is the perfect cultivation of all and each of our faculties, as well intellectual as moral. Those faculties are cultivated by exercise, and as each is called into action by some different pursuit or study, it is by giving a certain moderate degree of variety to our studies and pursuits, that all can receive that portion of exercise which is essential for their cultivation. Now, there is no art or science which does not bring intellectual profit to the man who has mastered it. There is no species of literature (except, of course,

such as are of an infidel or immoral tendency) which may not conduce to the cultivation of some talent which the Almighty has implanted within us, and thus assist us, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in making greater reaches towards that perfection which is set before us as the ultimate object of our pursuit.—“*Life of the Rev. William Harness.*”

There are harsh words, and unkind judgments in life, but what a might of nature, of oblivion and distraction is arrayed in battle against them. Daylight, sunlight, sounds of birds and animals come in between, and turn the slander, the ill-spoken sentence and its fierce retort, from its path. What do harsh words matter that were spoken a week ago? Seven days' sunshine have brightened since then. While I am railing against false friends and harsh interpretations, the clematis flowers have starred the waving curtain of green that shades my window from the glare; the distant flow of the sea has reached me with a sound of the twitter of birds as an accompaniment.—“*Old Kensington.*” *A. Thackeray.*

The body of all true religion consists in obedience to the will of the Sovereign of the world; in a confidence in His declarations,, and an imitation of his perfections.—*Ed. Burke.*

“*Animonam communicatione alitur amicitia.*”

Petrarch.

Are there no difficulties, physical difficulties, I mean, in God's Word? Yes—there are many. There are also difficulties in the natural world. There are many things to astonish us and to make our souls sink within us. The origin of sin no man can fathom. The misery of the world is most appalling. But what good man dare accuse God? The voice of reason and the plain language of Nature tells us the same truth which is told us in the Word of God. Woe to the man that striveth with his Maker! The difficulties of the natural world call forth the highest faculties of the understanding, and ought to teach us humility. The difficulties of religion are a part of our moral probation. The word faith would have no meaning in a religious sense were the truths of religion like the truths of Arithmetic. There would be neither doubt nor difference of opinion. For a good man there is light enough to lead him homewards, and if he will turn his face that way, he will have more light; not perhaps to clear up every difficulty, but enough for his guidance in the right way, for his hope and for his comfort. . . .

Letter from Professor Sedgwick.

On the Lord's Supper he wrote, "Not that I receive it as a sacrifice again offered up, but as commanded by Our Lord; by which in Him I gain spiritual strength and comfort, and without being able to explain all its mysterious significance, it is suffi-

cient for me that Our Lord instituted it, and commanded us to partake of it. "This do in remembrance of Me" gave the Sacrament its obligation, and I believe its meaning too."

Luther said, "Kommt das Wort züm Element, wird daräus ein Sacrament."

Ties of blood do not necessarily constitute ties of affection. The world—aye, even the best and truest part of it—is a little mistaken on this point. The parental or fraternal bond is at first a mere instinct, or, viewed in its highest light, a link of duty; but when added to this, comes the tender friendship, the deep devotion, which springs from sympathy and esteem, then the love is made perfect, and the kindred of blood becomes yet stronger kindred of the heart. But unless circumstances, or the nature and character of the parties themselves allow opportunity for the union, parent and child, brother and sister, are as much strangers as though no blood relationship existed between them.—"*The Ogilvies*," p. 339.

The explanation of our daily life, or rather the cross in it has been beautifully illustrated by a certain writer. "It is as though there were two pieces of wood lying before us, the long piece representing God's will, the short piece our will. Lay them side by side there is no cross, but put the shorter piece athwart the longer one and there is a cross directly.

"*City Sparrows*." *Ruth Lynn*.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive, but once begin to act there will be unexpected satisfaction, newly opening needs continually coming to carry you on from day to day. You will find life growing like a plant. People who do anything well always inspire me to try. I don't mean they make me believe I can do it as well, but they make the thing, whatever it may be, seem worthy to be done. I can bear to think my own music not good for much, but the world would be more dismal if I thought music itself not good for much. Excellence encourages one about life generally; it shows the spiritual wealth of the world. The moment of finding a fellow creature is often as full of doubt and exultation as the moment of finding an idea.—*Daniel Deronda*.

I feel now the rest of my life will be nobly spent if I can only, by the constant help of Almighty God, seek daily to go out of myself in love to God and man, showing it by patience, silence, sympathy, forbearance, the esteeming others better than myself, honouring them, submitting to them, being nobody, and my brother all in all to me. As to sudden death, I never could pray to be delivered from it. God alone, who knows our frame and temperament, knows by what death we can best glorify Him. Sudden death may to many be a great mercy.

“*Life of Norman Macleod.*”

The zoophite, or the hydra polypus, is as perfect an animal as the elephant, as its parts are perfectly constructed in relation to the end it is destined to fulfil in the universe. But it is not thus with mind. It has a type, an image, and that is God, and to this image it must, whenever found in a right state (one according to God's will and intention) be in conformity. To no intellect in the universe can the relations of numbers be different to what it is to ours. It is impossible that God could ever create intellects to which two and two would be anything else but four. So in regard to moral things, right and wrong are still the same in the planet Herschel or in Heaven, or in earth. Wherever beings exist that can know God, they must be like God. We thus imagine in the Angels the same minds and sympathies with ourselves. When they sing praises as they announce man's redemption, we perceive the same minds, with the same sentiments and reflections as our own, and then, too, mind becomes a conductor which binds us to the whole universe of external beings. Every mental and moral being is born after one image—God.—*Ibid.*

Prayer is the application of want to Him who alone can relieve it; the voice of sin to Him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the confidence of trust. It is not eloquence but earnestness; not the definition of help-

lessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul. It is the "Lord save us or we perish" of drowning. Peter, the cry of Faith to the ear of Mercy.—"*Practical Piety.*" *H. Moore.*

As a general rule it is better to look on suffering rather as chastisement than punishment. Punishment—as applied to the troubles of God's children—is not a word ever used by David, or by Solomon, or by Christ or His Apostles. Chastisement often. David was very fond of the expression. The reason of the distinction is two-fold. Punishment is magisterial; chastisement is paternal. Punishment is rather retrospective, chastisement prospective; and I may add punishment is generally for the sake of others, chastisement for the sufferer's sake. You will always be safe to regard your sufferings rather prospectively than retrospectively.

"*On Suffering.*" *James Vaughan.*

Sublime, and sweet, and holy as are the feelings with which I look up to the star-lit heavens, or to the glorious summer sun, or listen to the music of the great waves, I do not for an instant mistake the adoration of the Almighty power manifested in these works of God for religion, nor do I ever confound a mere instinct or imaginative enthusiasm, even when excited by the highest of all objects of contemplation with the daily and hourly endeavour after right-

eousness, the humble trust, resignation, obedience, and thankfulness, which I believe constitute the vital part of religious faith. I humbly hope I keep the sacred ground of my religion clear from whatever does not belong to the spirit of its practice. As long as I can remember I have endeavoured to guard against mistaking emotion for religion, and though, when I look up at the worlds with which our midnight sky is studded, I feel inclined to break out, "The heavens declare the glory of God," or when I stand upon the shore, can hardly refrain from crying out aloud, "The sea is His, and He made it." I do not in these moments of sublime emotion forget that He is the God to whom all hearts are open, who from the moment I rise until I lie down to rest, witnesses my every thought and feeling; to whom I look for support against the evil of my own nature, and the temptations which assail me; who bestows every blessing and inspires every good impulse; who will strengthen me for every duty and trial; My Father, in whom I live and move, and have my being. I do not fear that my imagination will become over excited with such thoughts as these; but I often regret most bitterly that my heart is not more deeply touched by them. How miserably our practice halts behind our knowledge of good, even when tried at the bar of our own lenient judgment, and of our imperfect standard of right! how poorly does our life answer to our profession. But as the

wisdom we adore surpasses our comprehension, so does the mercy, and in that lies our only trust and confidence.

I was thinking the other day, how constantly in all our prayers the loftiest titles of might are added to that name of names, "Our Father," and yet His power is always less present to me than His mercy and love.

Destitution, absolute hunger, cold, and nakedness, are no more subjects for artistic representation than sickness, disease, and death. All Art should be idealized, elevated representations (not imitations) of nature, and when beggary or low vice are made the themes of the dramatist, or of the poet, they seem to me to be clothing their inspirations in wood or lead, or some base material, instead of gold or ivory. The clay of the modeller is more real, but the marble of the sculptor is the clay glorified.

"Record of a Girlhood," Fanny Kemble.

I believe that we comfort more by our sorrows than by our words or actions. Christ would be known by His wounds. He is known now by His wounded members. Often, when the burthen is too great, the only thing that will uphold is the thought that others are perhaps bearing a heavier one; that wondrous fellowship of suffering, the sense that after all the intolerable pain, the insupportable depression is not a bleak island on which one is cast away, but

that others are passing that way to glory ; and what others are bearing bravely around us, it were "shamed life" not to brace oneself to bear bravely too.

"Day of Rest," Ellice Hopkins.

One always doubts a person "who has no friends." There must be something essentially morbid in the nature, which, wherever its lot is cast, cannot find some small interest in the people or things about it.

Generally speaking, it is not so much our surroundings that make us, as we our surroundings, gathering about us by attraction or repulsion, a circle of interests which constitute our life. At least, so it often is, and always ought to be. The weak complain of circumstances ; the strong either control or endure them.

There should be a remedy lying within our own selves for every evil which afflicts us. If we are poor, let us try to make our understandings and our souls rich. If our surroundings are mean, let not our own lives be mean also. If our bodies are sick, let us strive to keep mentally healthy. . . . Let us watch ourselves. As soon as we make all streams of light that issue from us pure and clean, all things illuminated by them shall appear, maybe, clean also. Thanks for the beautiful friends, that God sends us in our hour of need. God, who knows the extremes to which necessity and despair lead us, and the little strength we have in ourselves to live on. Not only

living, breathing, bodily friends, who by their precepts and example lead us up to true wisdom, but the panting, yearning souls of men, dead, or far away pressed in, exhaling a delicious odour to the time. Oh! it is good to feel that our difficulties have been felt and mastered by the highest and noblest natures, that along the road, treading on the same briars with bleeding feet, resting wearily on the same milestones, looking to the same happy, or unhappy termination of their journey, the high souls before us have come.

What we want is a deep reform from within, a pouring out of our souls of all precious, odorous virtues into our outer life, a casting away of all filth, of all dead stalks and leaves of evil habits and customs, which we have allowed to accumulate for so many years; a lamp let in our innermost recess, that shall pierce the thin covering of mortality and show to unbelieving eyes that the soul exists, and that consequently a God exists worthy of all love, simply because He bestows it ungrudgingly, and regardless of position or character. . . .

Those darlings—the primroses and violets, so “sweet and clean,” fade all too soon. We have compensation as time advances in more showy flowers, but our hearts always turn affectionately and regretfully to the memory of the simple, childlike things which, after so long and deathly a sleep, raised their modest heads above the cold ground with resurrection impressed upon every petal.—“*A Legacy.*”

I like your letter very much. It calls attention to a point which young workers for Christ are apt to overlook, viz., that they may be very busy for Him, while yet they are, through want of quiet communion with Him, quite unfit to raise or improve those to whom they say so much. Power is only got in communion. We must, like David, kill the lion and the bear alone, or else we shall never really help Israel in delivering them from the Philistine. We all need to be much more alone with God. If without this communion we go to throw our common life at others, what wonder if we get only common results. Power belongs to God. But though God is with us, and God is in us, we do not get down deep enough to find, or reach Him, but are all on the surface. This is in the flesh, and flesh, with all the puny work for Christ, is only flesh still. If only we could live more in the Presence of God, always seeing Him and hearing Him, doing nothing without asking counsel of Him, waiting for a message as well as a call, how different surely would be the fruit of all our life. I feel more and more assured, what indeed as a doctrine, I have held for many years: that it is contact with saintly souls that makes men saintly. It is not words, however true. The Teacher, or the one who would help others, must himself be in contact with the Holy One of God, and this will make him unconsciously to radiate the same life to others. The Lord is constantly near us, but we are not near enough

to Him to receive what He delights to give.

Andrew Jukes.

Certainly there is and there must be mercy in the sense of horror with which our nature regards death, for were it not for this instinctive shrinking of the flesh, we should hardly be able to stay here, as one after another of the glories of Heaven are opened to our faith, and one after another of our best loved ones are taken from us, who, near as they yet may be to us in spirit, are for a season hidden from us as they pass within the veil. But though unseen, they are not far from us, nor are they forgetful of us. I know that they are waiting for us. It is there as it is here. Just as living hearts and hands are waiting for every little new comer, who comes with tears into this world where tears and death await us, so surely are there still more loving hearts and hands waiting to welcome each one of us as we pass out of darkness and bondage into that heavenly world of light and love which is our true home.—*Ibid.*

It is unnecessary to say that the rhythm of Latin is entirely different from that of English. The reading of a passage first in one language and then in another is sufficient to demonstrate this. But the Church music in general use before the Reformation, and which may be heard in Roman Catholic churches

now, was distinctly a Latin growth. The Ambrosian and Gregorian tones, and the whole class of music connected with them, were the suitable musical utterance of Latin words; the one gave rise to the other, and the two fitted each other admirably well. And no doubt, when Psalms and Canticles were done into English, and were appointed to be read in churches in their English form, an attempt was made to give them musical utterance according to the ancient tones of the church. The thing could be done with more or less success, as we may see by reference to Mr. Helmore's work, or as we may hear in some of our churches in the present day. The fitness or unfitness of Gregorian tones has been, and probably will continue to be, matter of controversy. To some they appear to give great delight, and the appreciation of them rises almost to the level of a test of orthodoxy, while some sympathise rather with Bishop Wilberforce, of whom it is recorded that they caused him the wish "to lie down and howl." Undoubtedly, however, it was felt, when English Psalms were introduced, that the rhythm of the verses did not lend itself very readily to Gregorian music, and this was not all. Music itself began to make rapid advances; in the days of Queen Elizabeth England held a high place in the musical world, perhaps the highest she has ever had; music took a scientific turn, and one result was the revolution of what is now known as the Anglican chant, a form of church music which avails

itself of the power of harmony (not trusting, like the Gregorian, to melody alone); which adapts itself to the English rhythm, having grown out of it as naturally as the Gregorian did out of Latin, which is singularly charming in its effect upon the ear, and which offers an inexhaustible field to the enterprise and genius of musical composers.

"Quarterly Review," April, 1880.

Those only who lived with Charles Kingsley in the intimacy of everyday life at home, can tell what he was as a man. . . . If the highest, closest of earthly relationships, a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate for six and thirty years—a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the idea of a "true and perfect knight" to the one woman blest with that love in time and in eternity. For such love is eternal, and he is not dead; the man, lover, husband, father, friend, he still lives in God, who is not the God of the *Dead*, but of the *Living*. He is not dead, for to use his own inspiring words, "Those who die in the fear of God, and in the faith of Christ, do not really taste death; to them there is no death, but only a change of place. They pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all

their feelings unchanged, still the same living, thinking, active beings which they were here on earth. I say active. . . . Rest they may, rest they will, if they need it, but what is the true rest? not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from pain, from doubt, from care : this is true rest. Above all, to rest from the worst weariness of all, knowing one's duty and yet not being able to do it. That is true rest, the rest of God, who works for ever and yet is at rest for ever, as the stars which are over our heads move for ever, thousands of miles a day, and yet are at perfect rest, because they move orderly, harmoniously fulfilling the law which God has given them. Perfect rest is perfect work. That surely is the rest of the blessed spirits, till the final consummation of all things, when Christ shall have made up the number of His elect. I hope that this is so. I trust that it is so. I think that our Lord's great words can mean nothing else than this. And if it be so, what comfort for us who must die. What comfort for us who have seen others die, if death be but a new birth into some higher life, if all that it changes in us is our body—the mere shell and husk of us—such a change as comes over a snake when he casts his old skin, and comes out fresh and gay, or even the crawling caterpillar, which breaks its prison and spreads its wings to the sun as a fair butterfly. Where is the sting of death then, if death can sting and corrupt nothing of us for which our friends have

loved us ; nothing of us with which we could do service to God or man? Where is the victory of the grave if, so far from the grave holding us down, it frees us from the very thing which holds us down—the mortal body? and death is no death then, if it kills no part of us save that which hindered us from perfect life. Death is not death if it raises us from darkness into light, from weakness into strength, from sinfulness into holiness. Death is not death if it brings us nearer Christ, who is the fount of life. Death is not death if it perfects our faith by sight, and lets us behold Him in whom we have believed. Death is not death if it rids us of doubt and fear, of chance and change, of space and time, and all which space and time bring forth and then destroy. Death is not death, for Christ has conquered death, for Himself and for those who trust in Him. And to those who say, “ You were born in time, and in time you must die, as all other creatures do, time is your King and Lord, as he has been of all the old worlds before this, and of all the races of beasts, whose bones and shells lie fossil in the racks of a thousand generations, then we can answer them in the words of the wise Poet, and in the name of Christ who conquered death :—

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours ;
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mental dross.

So little is our loss, so little is thy gain—
For when, when each bad thing thou hast entombed,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And joy shall overtake us as a flood.
When everything that is serenely good
And perfectly divine,
And truth, and peace, and love shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him into whose happy, waking sight alone,
When once our heavenly guided soul shall climb;
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over death and chance, and Thee, O
Time!

"Life of Charles Kingsley," Vol. ii., p. 477.

After the creamy blossoms of the mountain ash have passed away, a time succeeds when the tree has no special beauty or brightness, lingering during the summer in dull, uniform greenness. But all through this dormant season it is silently and unmarkedly preparing the rich crop of scarlet berries with which it is crowned in autumn. So the mind has periods of dulness which usually occur after periods of much fertility and creative power. It sheds its intellectual blossoms, and sinks into a state of languor and inaction. But this dreary time is the herald of renewed

activity and increased brightness to come. The beauty of the autumnal fruitfulness more than compensates for the seeming blankness and idleness of summer. The fallow of the mind helps to fulfil the promise of its power. We must make allowance in human life as in nature for the period of unsightlessness which follows the fading of the flower and intervenes between that and the ripening of the fruit.

"Lessons from the Lilies." Macmillan.

One of the aspects of bitterest adversity is that all trial is sent to teach us better things than we knew or than we did before. There is nothing in which God's mercy appears to me more praiseworthy than the essential essence of improvement, of progress, of growth which can be expressed from the gall apple of our sorrows. To each soul of man the needful task is set, the needful discipline administered, and therefore it does not require much investigation into mere circumstances to accept trials. They are appointed to me because they are best for me, and whatever my apparent impatience under them, this is in deed and in truth my abiding faith.

Fanny Kemble.

I hold a good laugh to be inestimable in pleasure and profit, good nonsense well talked to be only less admirable than good sense well delivered, and a

spirit of fun the next best thing to a serious spirit, and, moreover, thank God they are quite compatible. I think the stupid shallowness of society has some deep causes, one among which is, of course, that by devoting all their energies and all their faculties, and all their time to mere amusement, as they have no right to do, people fail in their aim, and are neither well amused, nor well occupied, nor well anything else. For "if all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," what does the reverse do for him? This passion for cakes and sugar candy in adults, not to say in advanced life, is rather lugubrious, and, of course, it strikes me forcibly on my return from America, where the absence of a wholesome spirit of recreation is one of the dreariest features of the national existence.—*Ibid.*

After all, we fret ourselves too much about little things. Much that might be laughed off if one were well and cheerful, as one ought to be, becomes a grave affliction from being too gravely looked at.

"*Mrs. Carlyle's Letters.*"

It seems almost impertinent for me to say anything, as if your sorrow could be soothed by any words of mine!

Indeed, I have a strong general distrust of the efficiency of words for such a purpose. There is a

peculiar difficulty in the way of ministering comfort. . . . The mourner may be glad of sympathy, but it must be the real sympathy of an actual fellowship in the same grief ; and that not because such fellowship lessens the grief, but because it increases it. Expressions of condolence, however, believed to be sincere, may be welcome as tokens of goodwill, but can hardly exert any real alleviating power. The afflicted ones stand within a circle of images and feelings of their own which, painful as they may be, they would not part with for worlds. Any attempt to draw them out of that circle can only inflict a useless annoyance. There is then nothing that a friend outside the circle can do, for one within it, beside a more or less conventional and always inefficient expression of sympathy. I think there is, but I believe the only attainable object must be, when it is needed, not to lessen the quantity, but to alter the quality of sorrow. For the same sorrow, while it remains undiminished in amount, may be either enervating or depressing, or wholesome or bracing. It will be of the former kind as long as the sufferer remains merely passive under it ; it may be of the latter kind if he can be brought to make a mental effort not against it, but upon it, so as to view it in its true light. Every judicious attempt at consolation must, I think, set out with the full acknowledgment of the right, the value, the dignity of the sorrow, and then go on to show that it is only the shady

side of a great privilege and blessing, from which it can only be separated by mental abstraction.

Who that has ever had the happiness of knowing a good and amiable man could wish not to have known him, or not to have been beloved by him, or not to have loved him, or not to desire the continuance of his friendship and of communion with him? Yet, except on these conditions, it would be impossible not to mourn his loss. . . . You have dropped words which would imply that a keen sensibility to the loss of departed friends is a sign of weakness of mind, or imperfection of character. St. Paul would not have any not to sorrow, but only not as without hope; and the mirror of perfect holiness was moistened with tears for him whom He loved. The word repentance is often used for the compunction with which one may reflect on a particular sin. Whether such compunction procures the forgiveness of the sin, seems to me a question which it is rather too bold to ask, but which is quite unimportant to have answered, unless the forgiveness of sins was the same thing as forgiveness of sin. We have seen what entirely different things they are; and there is an equal and corresponding difference between repentance in the sense just mentioned, and in that signified by the word which in the New Testament expresses the condition to which forgiveness of sin is attached. The Greek word denotes a change of mind, heart, or disposition, which is equivalent to the

cessation of sin as a habit or state. Sins may be repented of without any such annihilation of sin. And without such annihilation I venture to doubt whether God Himself would forgive sin, any more than He would make contrary propositions identical, or the same thing to be or not to be.

The power of drawing has been a source of pleasure to me through life, such a refreshment, such a diversion of thought, from care and anxiety, that I wish I could persuade those I love to provide themselves therewith, as a help on life's journey. Will you try to perfect and polish yourself? "Let our daughters be as the polished corners of the Temple" is a verse that always gives me an image equally just and pleasing. The corners of the Temple are of good firm stone or marble; the firmer the substance the brighter is the polish they bear; but the polish which renders them beautiful to look upon, lessens nothing of their power of supporting the edifice, and connecting its parts into a solid structure. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report, wherein there is virtue, wherein there is praise, think on these things, and do these things." These words are worthy to be ever thought upon, and acted upon.

"Life of Baroness Bunsen."

It is worthy of remark that whatever God's servants may do, the world is ever ready, ever on the watch

to pick a quarrel with it. There is always something in it wrong, some side or other in which a fault will be found, an offence taken. Elijah is a troubler of Israel; Ezekiel a speaker in dark and obscure parables; Jeremiah causes the heart of the people to fail; Moses hinders the people from their burthens; Paul and Silas turn the world upside down; David behaves himself unseemly, and makes himself vile when he dances in holy exultation before the ark; the austere Baptist, withdrawing from the world, "hath a devil"; the gracious Saviour mingling with the world, is "a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners," and thus it is ever. The world can always find something wrong in that which God's servants do, or if it be mercifully lifted above all reproach, then, if not in the matter, yet in the manner, in the degree of the thing, if not in the thing itself. The good work which that holy woman wrought on the person of the Lord, did not escape this universal law of reproach. It was too lavishly, too prodigally done. The world looked on and exclaimed, "To what purpose is this waste?"

Archbishop Trench.

When a nation gives up the Lord's Day, it gives up, as a nation at least, having any religion, for it is the observation of Sunday which keeps up a people to that point of religious knowledge and recognition of religious obligations which, though not in them-

selves lifeful Christianity, are yet the preparation of the soil for the reception of it. What a cruel thing is infidel philosophy! Its very mercies are cruel, and especially is it cruel to the poor; but in nothing is it crueller than in taking away the day, which Thou, O Lord, of Thy goodness hast provided for the poor. When one considers what the Sabbath has done for man, and is doing, and the simplicity of the means by which all these mighty effects are brought about, one is struck with admiration at the difference of God's works and man's works. With what ease He brings about His purposes, how His work His primæval work, yet stands and endures. I think one of the most beautiful aspects of the Sabbath is expressed in Ezekiel xx. "Moreover I gave them my Sabbaths as a sign between them and me, that I would sanctify them"—a pledge of sanctification, a *when* as well as a *how*. The whole Bible, and all the Sacraments, and all else in it, are a continued call to man to trust in God, to trust in Him for this life and more, much more, to trust in Him for the things which pertain to life eternal; to trust in Him that He will nourish our souls, that we may find that Divine life whereof He is the well and fountain, evermore springing up in our hearts. This, when we feel our own inborn and deeply grounded unholiness, is hard to believe, and God has met our unbelief in manifold ways, and the appointment of the Sabbath is one of those ways, a sign between Him and us

that He will meet us, and sanctify us, or else why should he have appointed it? How beautiful are those lines of my mother's, likening these days to:

"Smooth stepping stones upon the stream of life,
Which chafes below in all its petty strife."

"Letters of Archbishop Trench."

Many, of course, nowadays patronise Christianity as a most respectable historical fact, and as having given occasion to the productions of Madonnas and Crucifixes worthy of praise; but for the personal faith, making purer men, before it makes better painters and sculptors, this one may almost look for in vain.—*Ibid.*

In consequence of a conversation with a foreign friend on the desirableness of attending theatres, concerts, or places of public amusement on Sunday, I put down my reasons for not attending them, as I think we ought always to be able to "give an answer for the faith that is in us," and also to be clear with ourselves and our own consciences. With respect, then, to the Christian observation of the Sabbath, or as it is now more rightly termed, the "Lord's Day," no *rules* having been laid down in the New Testament, I think it is intended that each one should observe it in the way most congenial to his or her

religious feelings, always bearing in mind the object for which one day in seven was ordained, from the earliest ages to be set apart, or *consecrated* to God's service, and remembering that though Christians are exempted from the observance imposed upon the Jews, by the ceremonial law, they are still bound by those of the moral law, and that our blessed Lord Himself said (Matt. xixv. 17): "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." The Lord's Day then, I consider, is a holy day; a day of rest from worldly cares, occupations, and amusements; a day to be specially dedicated to God's service, and the improvement of our own spiritual welfare and growth. And if asked why beautiful music, which charms and elevates, is not desirable on that day, I answer, for the same reason that excludes a beautiful work, of art of a profane character, from a church. Unless the object of the composer was sacred, the character of the music is generally profane, and therefore we feel it unsuited to a church, and therefore, according to my argument, unsuited for Sunday. I know the distinction is more difficult to draw in instrumental than in vocal music, where the words determine the intention of the composer, and therefore it is one which can be more easily *felt* than explained; but if the idea of consecration is kept in view, we should find it easily carried out in all the occupations, relaxations, and observance of Sunday, which ought to be considered, not as a dull day of penance, but "a

delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable." In this, as in everything else, let each act according to the measure of his ability. God forbid that I should advocate vain repetitions of prayers, or a dull, heartless service; but I do believe that a special blessing is attached, under the Christian dispensation, to the right observance of the "Lord's Day," and therefore I would abstain, as far as in me lies, on that day from all worldly occupations, thoughts, and conversation, and not only observe it as a day of rest and meditation myself, but give all those around me the opportunity of doing likewise.—*The Editor*.

What is Theology? *Θεος* God, and *Λογος* speech, discourse. The whole drift of the Scripture of God; what is it but to teach theology? Theology; what is it but the science of religion, of things divine.—*Hooker*.

What is science? To cleanse, to separate. Science is generally used as equivalent to knowledge, emphatically, not pretended or imperfect. Science may be briefly distinguished from art; science is knowledge, art, power, or skill to use it, and thus logic is a science and also an art. The art is the practical use of science, of the principles of science. Painting, music, etc., are arts, and the best artist is he who uses the science, the principles of science, with the greatest practical skill and dexterity.

Treat men as what they should be. You help to make them so.—*T. Carlyle.*

Christianity has been too much elaborated into a system, or a philosophy. Erudite treatises, forcible arguments, may have done much in support of the faith; but a holy life does much more. Grant me the right to believe in a personal God, in a living Christ, in an indwelling spirit, in a life to come; and like that ship in Adria, driven up and down, upon which no small tempest lay, I shall have, as it were, my four anchors cast out of the stern, while I wait for the day.—*Bishop Fraser.*

The great quality which high breeding gives to a woman is *self-confidence*, without self-consciousness. The essence of high breeding is to be perfectly natural under the most artificial circumstances.

“*A Human Document.*”

The love of art must not be treated as a sin. All that is great and beautiful comes from God, and to God should return. It is the misuse of great gifts which is the sin, not the gifts themselves. Oh! never say the best part of humanity are not gifts of God. That is wrong. If used for evil they may be turned to sin, but that would be by man's free will; the gifts in their good use and purity are God's.

Lady Waterford.

Love is not a sentiment, but a sacrifice. Sensual love is to get, not to give. The more we understand the law of giving, the more we resemble our Lord Jesus Christ. Love is the infinite extension of the law of philanthropy. All partiality must be excluded, all self seeking which makes our own pleasure the rule of our love. The measure of Christ is not our merit, but our need.—*Sermon. Archbishop Maclagan.*

Conversation is not the conveying or receiving of knowledge, but the interchange of sympathetic feelings.

My mother had ever been the sum and centre of my life. I had been her constant companion ever since my childhood. Almost all I knew I had learnt from her, and she had been moulding my character and forming my opinions in a fashion that I felt rather than understood.

She had always been a tower of strength to me, sheltering me from the difficulties of a position of some delicacy and peril.

“Maud Melville's Marriage.”

I dread for my relations only the void into which we shall pass when we leave Norwich. It is the breaking of the bow of our life, that seems to relax everything.—*Letter of Dean Stanley, p. 139.*

Do not let us fancy that our work must of necessity cease with our lives. Not so, for rather must we

believe that it will continue for ever, seeing that we all are partakers of God's unspeakable blessing, the common mystery of immortality. Perhaps it may be the glorious destiny of very many here to recognise the truth more fully when we meet and converse with our dear departed brothers in a holier and happier world.—“*Eric*,” by F. W. Farrar, p. 395.

There is a love which surmounts all trials and discipline, all the petty worries and vexations of life, and which flows on in an ever-deepening current of tenderness, enhanced by memories of the past and hopes of the future—of the eternal life to which it is tending.

“*Life of George Butler*,” p. 124.

To be loved in any fashion is to incur a great responsibility.

Let me give up all regrets for the past, all desires for the present, all anxieties for the future. I would leave all to God, and place my burthen in His hands.

“*Life of Mrs. Augustus Craven*,” Vol. i, p. 184.

There is, it seems to me, a wide difference between earnest seeking with purpose and sincerity, and the shortcomings and failure of the moral nature, however occasioned. The one has the distinct promise that

seeking shall find. Whatever one says of the millions of publicans and sinners in "the six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left" must rest on other promises. There, it seems to me, we are between the certainties of God's justice, mercy, and love, on the one hand; and on the other our own absolute and hopeless ignorance as to how He deals, and will deal with those millions, both in and out of Christendom, as to whom the first difficulty that presents itself is why they were ever born for such inevitable lives, and apparently certain moral failure? I say apparently, because none but He who knows, in each concrete case, the light given and the real movement of the will, can know what the failure really is. Scripture, which tells us of the doom, not only of deliberate sin, but of sinful trifling and carelessness, in those who know, or might have known, is silent about those masses of mankind, who, so far as we can see, are without what we have. It seems to me that the difference in the will, about which in the case I mentioned, we do know something, and about which in the case you put, we know nothing, allows us to speak with a confidence in the one case, which would be out of place in the other. We ask, "Are there few that be saved?" to give ease to our anxious sympathies about those whose case we can best, and well may, leave in the hands of the All Holy and All Merciful. Of the publicans and sinners, I do not doubt that many will

see and know Him there, who did not know Him here, but I cannot tell who they are. I only know that as far as I can see, they are going against His will. I do not know, for He has not said a word to tell me, what He will do with them. Man's destiny stops not with the grave; there may be discipline for character and will beyond it, but I cannot speak of it, for I know nothing of it. I only know the discipline which goes on here, and which we are told is so eventful. I have on the one hand all the hopes which spring out of God's infinite perfection. I have to check the speculations of anxious human sympathy, the certainty of my own ignorance, the depths of which I cannot measure or comprehend, and further, the very awful fact of the difficulty with which character and will undergo a change when once they are fixed and confirmed.

You see that I can sympathise with your anxieties of thought. Their effect on me is to make me feel how hard it is to speak soberly and fittingly about those things on the other side of the veil. We cannot know, or even guess at them now. We shall know something about them soon.

"Life of Dean Church."

I am afraid I have nothing more to say than I said in the sermon (on sin and judgment), which is, as you say, an expression of ignorance. Indeed, my own feeling about

the whole subject is, that the wisest thing men can do is to cultivate diligently a sense of their own hopeless ignorance, and to have the courage to say I cannot tell.

What eternity is I cannot conceive ; certainly not a *parte ante*, and really not *in presente* or a *parte past*

There is one great turn of the discussion involved in darkness!

Then as to the purpose of God's creation. Who shall venture to be peremptory about its necessary purpose and conclusion who has the fact of evil staring him in the face? The fact of evil is to me quite as great a crux as even eternal punishment, and even eternal punishment thought of, not for such as you and I, who know so much, and perhaps have so much on our conscience, but for the millions upon millions who have not known their right hand from their left, and whose lives have had no opportunity of good, or respite from evil. The common topic against eternal punishment, "Could any man of ordinary feeling appoint it? and if not, how could God?" is quite as strong about evil. How can we imagine ourselves, supposing we had omnipotence or omniscience, enduring, to bring into being such unintermitting masses of misery and sin? The difficulty of finally dealing with evil is to me a far less difficulty than evil itself. The ordinary language about eternal punishment seems to me simply to forget the fact of the equal difficulty of evil. Two difficulties will

not make one solution, but at least they ought to teach patience, and guarded language.

On the other hand, Scripture, though awfully plain spoken and stern, seems to me very general in its language on this matter. I heard a sermon yesterday, and though it was forcible in its Scripture proofs, it worried and almost exasperated me because it assumed all through that we know the exact, definite purport of the Scripture terms used, and that they were used in exact correspondence with our own on the same subject. I doubt the assumption, and if I am asked, what is the use of Scripture language, my answer is that the general aim intended, viz. : the certain and terrible punishment of sin may be attained without satisfying definite questions about *how*, and *how long*, and *what next*. I have no doubt that we have not yet the true and complete method of Scripture exegesis, and that a great deal remains to be done by sober and reverential enquiry in distinguishing between its definite and precise language (the Word of God), and its vague and incidental, or unqualified language (hate his father and mother) (shall not come out till he has paid the uttermost farthing); but I shrink much from speculating on the human knowledge of our Blessed Lord, or the limitations, and they may have been great, which He was pleased to impose on Himself when He emptied Himself, and became as one of us. I have never been satisfied with the ordinary explanations

of the text (St. Matt. xxiv., 36): "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of Heaven, but My Father only." They seem simply to explain it away, as much as any Unitarian gloss of St. John i., 1: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." To me it means that He who was to judge the world, who knew what was in man, and more, who alone knew the Father, was content, at that time, to have that hour hidden from Him, did not choose to be above angels in knowing it, as He was afterwards content to be forsaken by His Father. But the whole is perfectly inconceivable to my mind, and I could not base any general theory of His knowledge on it. . . . I think it is very likely that we do not understand the meaning of much that is said in Scripture, its sense, and the end and purport for which, at the time, it was said. But it would perplex me much to think that He was imperfect or ignorant in what He did say, whether we understand Him or not.—*Ibid*, p. 266.

The change, I should say, that old age makes in respect of death, is a distinct and remarkable one. Of course, at all times of life one may have the quick and keen sense of the possibility of death, and what it may be, but in old age it is like the move to something new and unknown. When one comes on a stage in a journey, or leaves home for a new abode—

not an abstract thought, but a real move, and at last it gets to be the only reality that one has in view, and a reality of a different kind from anything else, because no question of possibility can arise as to the fact of it.

"All passes with the passing of the days,
All but great Death—Death, the one thing that is
Which passes not with passing of the days."

Ibid, p. 341.

All deep thinkers know that their wills are conditioned by nature and circumstance, and that we learn to live and act as we learn everything else. All trades, all arts, from the cobbling of a shoe to the painting of a picture, must be learnt before they are practised. . . . Cobblers and schoolmasters show their pupils how things ought to be done, correct their faults, bear patiently with many shortcomings, and are content with gradual improvement. It is practically the same with human life. The child has many falls, bodily and spiritual, before he learns to walk. He is naturally wilful, selfish, ignorant, violent, and timid.

Education means the curing of all that. You do not call the child wicked because he is not perfect all at once. The will, if you can get at it, may do something, but it cannot do everything. In this sense we are obliged to act on the principle that the will is not by itself sufficient to direct and control conduct.

Guidance is wanted, and help and instruction ; and when all is done, we must still make allowance for an imperfect result. Perfection or even excellence is rare. Saints and heroes are rare. Special gifts are needed, which are the privilege of the few. To tell an ordinary man that if he will use his free will he can paint a first-rate picture, or become a Socrates or a St. Paul, is to tell him what is not true. Some persons are more gifted than others, some have happier dispositions, some are better educated, some are placed in more favourable circumstances. The pains which we take in training children, the allowances which we make, and are compelled to make, for inherited vicious tendencies, for the environment of vice and ignorance in which so many are brought up, prove that in practice we act, and must act, on this hypothesis.

Froude : " Life and Letters of Erasmus," p. 329.

Let every man of seventy look back on what he has witnessed in his own time. Let him consider what was hoped for from political changes or wars, or from each step in his personal life, and compare what has really resulted from those things with what he once expected ; how, when good has come, it has not been the good which he looked for ; how difficulties have shown themselves which no one foresaw ; how his calculations have been marked by incidents which the wisest never dreamt of, and he will plead

to be judged, if his conduct comes under historical review, by his intentions and not by the event. This is a lesson which historians ought never to forget, and which they rarely remember. To understand the past we must look at it always when we can, through the eyes of contemporaries.—*Ibid*, p. 297.

After a description of the human body, Professor Owen's Rede lecture concludes: "Such are the dominating powers with which we, and we alone are gifted. I say gifted, for the surpassing organisation was no work of ours. 'It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves.' This frame is a temporary trust, for the uses of which we are responsible to our Maker. Oh! you who possess it in all the supple vigour of lusty youth, think well what it is that He has committed to your keeping. Waste not its energies—dull them not by sloth; spoil them not by pleasures! The supreme work of creation has been accomplished that you might possess a body, the sole erect of all animal bodies, the most free, and for what? For the service of the soul. Strive to realize the conditions of the possession of this wondrous structure. Think what it may become, the Temple of the Holy Spirit! Defile it not, seek rather to adorn it with all most becoming gifts, and with fair furniture, moral and intellectual."

"Life of Professor Owen," vol. ii., p. 132.

With regard to the position of science and certain statements in Holy Scripture, proved by God's instruments to be incorrect, we must remember that in those writings, truly called sacred, there are those of higher truths than those of science, sufficing for all guidance and every need.—*Ibid*, vol. ii., p. 185.

The memory of errors and sorrows is but short-lived, among the young especially—nay, even among all men. God be thanked that it is so, for if we remembered all the past, the present would be unendurable. We sigh at times for a greater power of remembering; it were better to give thanks for our power of forgetting. Time, with its softening, sanctifying grace—time that makes the green grass spring and the gold corn wave over fields that once were reddened with human slaughter. Time is the appointed healer of all wounds.

It is not the function of a religious creed to solve all difficulties. Difficulties, physical, intellectual, spiritual, are the stimulus of humanity. Do away with them and humanity becomes contented and enervated. Lessing said, not less forcibly than nobly, that the possession of truth belongs to God; it is the search for truth that is the dignity of man. . . . Religion does not affect to solve religious difficulties. Difficulties are inherent in the relation of the divine and the human. God may be apprehended but not comprehended. Were it possible to comprehend Him

it would be impossible to worship Him. The blessing of religion is not in solving the mysteries of life or nature ; it is in showing that there is a solution, and that God keeps in His own hands.

*"Gerald Eversley's Friendship," by J. E. C. Welldon,
Head Master Harrow.*

St. Athanasius said of the Old Testament : " That it was the sacred school of the knowledge of God and of the spiritual life for all nations of men."

High gifts indeed were his gifts, gifts which might have made him great in any sphere of work. His extraordinary vigour and manliness of mind ; a keenness and breadth of interest which kept him always in touch with the course of events far away from his own sphere of work ; an understanding, quick to seize and strong to hold ; the historian's faculty of discernment, comparison and judgment ; the penetration, industry, and accuracy of the true scholar ; the feeling of an artist ; the patience of a statesman ; a natural, unfailing dignity of thought and bearing ; a mastery of good English ; these were elements in his rich endowment for the tasks and opportunities of life. Yes—but all these would never have made him what he was, or given to him his personality, that distinctive quality which we felt in it. It was his frank simplicity, his unshaken justice, that lifted these powers into true nobility, and led us always, leads us

now, to be thinking far more of him, than of them all. And thinking of him, I find I have unconsciously come back to the very words I wrote of him six years ago: "It never even crossed one's mind that any selfish aim was creeping into his purpose or corrupting the simple desire to do right; he never seemed to think about effort; he never stooped to question means of getting what he wanted done, and surely it was that high singleness of aim and effort, that fine disdain of anything like trickery, that gave his life among us its distinctive strength and worth. For amidst all the change and confusion and excitement, and ingenuity, he had the courage and wisdom to be simple. Yes—simplicity can exalt the highest gifts; from it they wait to receive their true ennobling and consecration. But this is not all. For it is simplicity which throws open, as it were, the God-ward windows of life, so that the presence of God, the brightness of His truth may stream into man's heart. Here is the promise for us all, the promise that our Lord's words convey: 'The light of the body is the eye; if, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.' If thine eye be single—if the looking forward, the prospect of life, the view one has of it be clear and simple and straightforward—then 'the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world' shall flow through all the inner value of thought and feeling, enlightening every faculty, that

we may come to walk in the light, as God Himself is in the light. When that light finds great gifts it transfigures them. But for us all alike it is the power of advance in liberty and strength and courage. That is the blessing of simplicity, and no lack of natural endowment or ability can bar us from it. A man is more than all man's gifts, and simplicity is the making of a man. We are weak, and hampered and untrustworthy till we have learnt to look at life simply, and frankly, and sincerely; to set our hearts wholly upon doing what is right; to clear our minds of aims and motives which we would not own; and to judge as in the sight of Him who will be our Judge hereafter. But if any man will try to do this, he may find his way grow clearer as the years pass by, and a strength he never looked for may increase in him, and he may know, as he never thought to know, the happiness of helping others, and bearing their burdens with them. 'Such as are true-hearted' often have even in this world, a gladness springing up in them. But if we would examine fully the blessing of simplicity, we must look beyond this world. We must try to imagine, as far as our faltering imagination goes, what it will be to stand before Him, who requireth truth in the inward parts; to bring our life, our character bare and unsheltered into His presence, to know, indeed, at last that nothing, absolutely nothing, can be hid from him, and to feel that we must be tried by that light which now God calls

us for His love's sake to welcome with simplicity into our souls, that it may guide and rule us day by day, till it may bring us where the pure in heart shall see Him."—"The Guardian," Jan. 26th, 1898. (*Dean Paget's Funeral Sermon on Dean Liddell.*)

Religion is and always must be the ground and moving spirit of all true art.

Ruskin to Dean Liddell.

Absolutism might be an ideal form of government for a European political structure, were not the King and his officials ever as other men are, to whom it is not given to reign with superhuman wisdom, insight and justice. The most experienced and well-meaning absolute rulers are subject to human imperfections, such as over-estimation of their own wisdom, the influence and eloquence of favourites, not to mention petticoat influence, legitimate and illegitimate. Monarchy and the most ideal monarch, if in his idealism he is not to be a common danger, stand in need of criticism. The thorns of criticism set him right when he runs the risk of losing his way.

"Bismarck's Recollections." Vol. ii., p. 68.

The task of a commander of an army is to annihilate hostile forces; *the object of war is to conquer peace*, under conditions which are conformable to the policy pursued by the state. To fix and limit the object pursued by the war, and to advise the moment

in respect to them, is, and remains during the war, just as before it, a political function, and the manner in which these questions are solved cannot be without influence on the method of conducting the war.

Ibid, p. 105.

There are few finer speeches than that in which Sheil took Lord Lyndhurst to task for applying the word "alien" to the Irish, in a speech on municipal reform " 'Aliens! . . . Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, 'Hold! I have seen the Aliens do their duty.' I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid bosom, tell me, for you needs must remember . . . on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers—tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'Aliens' blanched? . . . On the field of Waterloo the blood of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from Heaven upon this union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory, shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we

be told that we are ' Aliens ' from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out ?"

" Collections and Recollections," p. 165.

Constant joking is a weariness to the flesh. A good manner is one which knows how to be free without being free and easy.—*Ibid.*

. The basis on which alone our union with Rome or any other Church could take place is a basis of truth, a basis of faith. . . . With my whole heart and soul I desire Union. Disunion with Non-conformists, foreign Reformers, Rome, Easterns, is the main and most miserable cause of the delay in the Christianisation of all men in Christian and heathern countries alike. The love of Christ compels a burning desire for unity. There is no doubt that this is rising in many unexpected quarters. I am truly touched by the tender spirit of the late Encyclical. As to minor points, I should regard the recognition of English orders as a sign of being in earnest. But we do not sue to have them recognised. We know the facts, are sure of their validity, and though quite ready to supply the proofs, we could not submit them to the decision of a conference. Their recognition would make a conference on other subjects possible. . . . *Letter to Lord Halifax (" Life of Archbishop Benson," vol. ii., p. 617).*

This, then, is what I understand by Church teaching—Church teaching in the open Bible, the Bible thoroughly read, by every light of God that can possibly be thrown upon it from the Father of light and the guiding book, in steering our way through it, viz., the Prayer Book.

I have never had any hesitation in saying that when you have all read your Bible by your Prayer Book, if you can find in your mind and heart that the Prayer Book departs from the Bible—depart, and God bless you—take your own way; but we are quite sure that the Prayer Book is the true interpreter.

If the Church is Apostolic, it must not be so merely by hereditary connection, but by spiritual conformity. Thus, Apostolic did not mean to him a system stereotyped and antique, but a principle as vital now as then.—*Ibid*, vol. ii., p. 683.

When reading the other day of the terrible slaughter of natives and British troops in quelling the Indian Mutiny of 1857, the thought pressed itself upon me: What will be the first consciousness of another life to all those souls, Christian, Pagan, Moslem, believers and unbelievers, thoughtful and thoughtless, so suddenly launched from the temporal, the visible, the known into the unknown, the unseen, the eternal? Never by the majority thought of as a reality; ridiculed by many as the inventions of

Priestcraft ; by many more believed in as a place of bliss or torment, of which the Priests or Prophets hold the keys, and can give a safe conduct to the one, and escape from the other, without any moral responsibility or effort on their part beyond passive obedience. Pondering upon this question, two events in the New Testament record forcibly suggested themselves as offering possible answers. May not that first consciousness of another life come to the unthinking, the ignorant, the credulous, the sorrowful, the vile, as Christ to Saul on the road to Damascus, as the sudden sense of a dazzling light and an overwhelming Presence, before which each soul will sink into utter abasement, and wonder with Saul, "Who art Thou, Lord?" And will not that be the beginning for each one of that cleansing, purifying perception of a beauty, goodness, truth, life undreamt of before, having nothing to do with time or space, only with what is ; scathing the vile by the perception of their own vileness, leading the blinded souls gently towards enlightenment, as Saul was led to Ananias, and dealing with the ignorant and the savage as with little children, guiding, soothing, training the power to understand and to act in this new life? For those who have thought, who have known and believed, and, at least striven, however feebly and falteringly, to follow Christ, though perchance denying Him, once and again like Peter, but like Peter, turning back to Him in bitter repentance, surely there will be another

consciousness brought by that sudden, great light and sense of a Divine Presence! Will not their cry be, "It is the Lord!" and will not they, like Peter, by the shore of Galilee, spring forward in absolute self-forgetfulness, and adoring love and trust to hear His greeting, "Children, come!"—MRS. WILLIAM GRAY, "*Spectator*," p. 372, *Sept. 22nd*, 1900.

Truly a beautiful thought, but . . . "The secret things belong to God."—Deut. xxix., 29. *Editor.*

Men, to commence their era of improvement and quality, are jealous even of the Creator! . . . Are you an artist, and, looking on the world, can you listen to such a dogma? Between God and genius there is a necessary link . . . Magic—what is magic? When the traveller beholds in Persia the ruins of palaces and temples, the ignorant inhabitants inform him they were the work of magicians! What is beyond their own power the vulgar cannot comprehend to be lawfully in the power of others. Magic is a perpetual research amongst all that is more latent and obscure in nature. . . . And you who would be a painter, is there not magic also in the art you would advance? Must you not, after long study of the Beautiful that has been, seize upon new and airy combinations of beauty that is to be? See you not that the grandest art, whether of poet or painter, ever seeking for the *true*, abhors the *real*; that you

must seize nature as her Master and lackey her as her slave? You demand mastery over the past, a conception of the future. Has not the art that is truly noble for its domain both the future and the past? There are two answers from the drear calamities of earth, art and science; but art is more Godlike than science; science discovers, art creates. The astronomer who catalogues the stars cannot add one atom to the universe. The poet can call an universe from the atom. But "if there be powers to baffle the grave itself?" And were this so, would it be so sweet a lot to outlive all you loved, and to recoil from every human tie? . Perhaps the fairest immortality on earth is that of a noble name.

Zanoni, pp. 105, 6, 7.

Whence comes courage? Hearts live in some more abstract and holier life than their own. But to live for ever on this earth is to live in nothing diviner than ourselves. Yea . . . even here God, the Everlasting, vindicates to man the sanctity of His servant, Death! . . . *Ibid, p. 334.*

Alone in the prison her child put its arms about her neck and murmured its indistinct sounds, low and sweet, as some unknown language of consolation and of Heaven. And of Heaven it was, for at the sound the terror melted from her soul, upward from the

Dungeon and the Death—upward, where the happy Cherubim chaunt the mercy of the All-loving. . . . She fell on her knees and prayed. The despoilers of all that beautified and hallowed life had desecrated the altar and denied God; they had removed from the last hours of their victims the priest, the Scripture, and the Cross! but faith builds in the Dungeon, and the Lazar-house the sublimest shrines; and up through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of Heaven, ascends the ladder where Angels glide to and fro.—Prayer. *Ibid*, p. 394.

PART II.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Burns.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
And the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary.

Longfellow.

He that for love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousandfold than one
Who never loved at all.
A grace within his heart has reigned,
Which nothing else can breathe ;
Thank God for all that I have gained,
By that high suffering.

Monckton Milnes.

As silence listens to the lark,
And orient beams dispel the dark,
How sweet to roam abroad and mark
 Their gold the fields adorning.
But when we think of where are they,
Whose bosoms like our own were gay,
While April gladdened life's young day,
 Joy takes the garb of mourning.

Warm gushing through the heart, come back
The thoughts that brightened boyhood's track;
And hopes, as 'twere from midnight black,
 All star-like re-awaken.
Until we feel how, one by one,
The faces of the loved are gone,
And grieve for those left here alone,
 Not those that have been taken.

Little we dream when life is bright,
And Nature fresh and fair to view,
When throbs the heart to pleasure true,
 As if for naught it wanted;
That year by year, and ray by ray,
Romance's sunlight dies away;
And long before the hair is grey,
 The heart is disenchanted.

"Blackwood's Magazine," Nov. 1849.

That I have loved, that I have known the love,
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
Yet with a colouring halo from above
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with Thee,
I bless Thee, O my God.

That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words, upon their stream to bear,
I have been drawn still nearer to Thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, th' unfathomed, the Divine.
I bless Thee, O my God.

Think not that that which seemeth right to thee,
Must needs be so for all men. Thou can'st see
Footprints of light upon the world's highway,
Left there by Him who had not where to lay
His holy head, the plainest nearest thee.
There may be footprints which thou can'st not see,
Made plain by Heaven's light to other men—
Jesus went many ways into Jerusalem!

"The First Lieutenant's Story," p. 196.

Un rien put aigrir la souffrance,
Un rien l'adoucir à moitié ;
Le tout n'est rien pour l'indifférence,
Un rien est tout pour l'amitié.

Love is an angel mind,
Breathed into a mortal,
Though fallen, yet how beautiful
The devotion of the heart,
In all its depths and grandeur.

And slight indeed may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight that it would fling
Aside for ever ; it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall, wound,
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly
bound.

Eifersucht ist eine Leidenschaft
Die mit Eifersucht was Leidenschaft.

•

When I am nothing, let that which I was
Be still a name on thy sweet lips,
A shadow in thy fancy of a thing
That would not have thee mourn it, but remember!

Did we but see
When life first opened, how our journey lay
Between its earliest, and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as we some time shall be,
Who strive for the high prize—such sight would
break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesu's sake.
Ye were mine, flesh and soul, mine, Oh! my
children,
A portion of myself, and torn away,
The breath of life seems stifled at our parting,
And death-like darkness clouds my lonely day.
A chill and shudder thrill my yearning bosom,
Where never more your gentle arms shall twine;
The memory of your voices doubles anguish,
Your voices, that no longer answer mine!
Yet cease my soul, Oh, hush this vain lamenting,
Earth's anguish will not alter Heaven's decree,
In that calm world whose peopling is of angels;
Those I called mine still live, and wait for me.
They cannot re-descend where I lament them,
My earth bound grief no sorrowing angel's share,
And in their peaceful and immortal dwelling

Nothing of sin can enter . . . but my prayers!
If this be so, then that I may be near them,
Let me still pray unmurmering night and day,
God lift us gently to His world of glory,
E'en by the love we feel for things of clay ;
Lest in our wayward heart we should forget Thee,
And forfeit so the mansion of our rest,
He leads our dear ones forth and bids us seek them
In a far distant home among the blest.
So we have guides to Heaven's eternal city,
And when our wandering feet would backward
 stray,
The faces of our dead arise in brightness,
And fondly beckon to the holier way.

Stuart of Dunleath.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wakn'd and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts, touch them but lightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

Heine.

Sanftmüth und Demüth sind,
Wie zwei Knospen auf dem einen
Stempel der Leibe.

Heine.

It is not love that steals the heart from love,
'Tis the hard world with its perplexing cares,
Its petrifying selfishness, its pride,
Its low ambition, and its paltry aims.

Mrs. Southey.

Hast thou a care whose pressure dread,
Expels sweet slumber from thy bed?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A shadow between Heaven and thee.

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish which swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Mrs. A. Julius.

Confidence openeth the lips, the heart,
To make glad with kindness,
And one standeth not on a hill, beckoning
To the other to follow!
But ye toil up hand-in-hand, and carry
Each other's burthens.
Ye murmur of hopes and aspirations, the
Fervent breathings of the heart.
Ye speak with pleasant interchanges, the
Treasured secrets of affection.
Ye listen to the voice of complaint,
Whisper the language of comfort,
And as in a double solitude, ye think
In each other's hearing.

Some gracious purpose has to be fulfilled,
Some sin prevented or some murmuring stilled!
The process may be long, the mystery great,
But whilst the Father works, the child must wait.
Much have we to support us in our strife,
With things which else would crush us, we alone,
Sweet refreshings of the outward life,
But many a flower of sweetest scent is strewn
Upon our outward and our open way;
None sweeter than are at some names known
To those who dwell for many a prosperous day
Under one roof, and have, as they would hope
One purpose for their lives, one aim, one scope:
To labour upward on the path to Heaven.

Full of refreshment, these occasions are
Like reasonable resting places, given
To pilgrim feet, for tho', alas, too rare,
Yet the sweet memories they supply will give
The food on which affection's heart may live
In after hours, since it were sad, indeed,
If all more intimate knowledge did not heed,
More trust in one another, and more love,
More faith that each is seeking to attain
With humble earnest effort not in vain,
The happy rest of God. And so they part
On their divided ways with cheerful hearts,
Knowing that in all places they will call
On the same God, and Father of us all,
And part not wholly, since they meet in prayer,
Mute at the Throne of grace ; one life divine,
Through all the branches of the mystical vine,
Flows ever, even as the same breath of air
Lifts every leaflet of a mighty grove,
And from our meeting we shall reap a share
Of a yet higher good, if we have won
Thereby the strengthening of one weak desire,
The fanning of one faint spark into fire ;
The stirring of one prayer, that we may prove
Steadfast and faithful till our work be done,
Until the course appointed us be run.
We know not whither our frail barks are bound :
To quiet haven, or to stormy shore ;
Nor need we seek to know it, while above

The tempest and the water's angriest roar
Are heard the voices of Almighty love.
So shall we find none dreary or forlorn,
Whither we go we know not, but we know
That if we keep our faces surely set
Toward new Zion, we shall reach at last,
Where every danger, every woe is past,
The city where the sealed tribes are met,
Whither the nations of the sacred flow,
The city with its heav'n descended walls,
The city builded round with diamond walls.
Then how should we feel sorrow or dim fear,
At any parting now, if there to meet;
How should our hearts with sadder pulses beat,
When thou art going where kind hearts will greet
And welcome thy return, and then as here
Thou still wilt find them one appointed sphere,
To fill the measure up of gentle deeds,
Even as we have learned that in these,
That in the holy Christian charities,
And the suppliance of the lowliest needs
Of the most lowly, our true greatness is

Richard C. Trench.

A dreary lot is his who roams,
Homeless among a thousand homes;
A dreary thing it is to stray,
As I have sometimes heard men say,
And of myself have partly known
A passing stranger, and alone

In some great city ; harder there,
With life about us everywhere,
Than in the desert to entrain
A sense of solitary pain.
We wander through the busy street,
And think how everyone we meet
Has Parent, Sister, Friend, or Wife
With whom to share the load of life.
We wander on, for little care
Have we ; turn our footsteps there,
Where we are but a nameless guest,
One who may claim no interest
In any heart—a passing face
That comes and goes and leaves no trace,
Where service waits us, prompt but cold,
A loveless service, bought and sold.
Yet hard it is not to sustain
A time like this, if there remain
True greetings for us, hand and heart,
Wherein we claim the chiefest part,
Although divided now they be
By many a tract of land and sea,
If we can fly to thoughts like these,
Fall back on such true sympathies,
This were sufficient to repress
Such transient sense of loneliness.
Yet bitter if, where'er we roam,
Another country truer Home
Is in our hearts ; if there we find

The word of power, that from the mind
All sad and drear thoughts shall expel,
All solitary broodings quell;
If in the joy of Heaven we live,
Nor only on what earth can give,
Tho' pure and high—so we may learn
Unto the souls great good to turn.
What things so ever best engage
Our thoughts towards our pilgrimage,
Which teach us this is not our rest,
That here we are but as a guest.
As doubtless 'twas no other thought
That in His holy bosom wrought,
Who not alone content to win
In life the shelter of an inn,
Was fain to finish the last stage
There of his mortal pilgrimage.
We, too, if we are wise, may be
Pleased for a moment to be free
From the remembrance which love,
Affection hallowed from above,
But earthly yet, has power to fling
About the spirit's heav'nward wing;
Pleased if we feel that God is nigh,
Both when we live and when we die.
Whether among true kindred thrown,
Or seeming outwardly alone,
That whether this or that befall,
He watches and has care of all.

R. C. Trench.

It is not at the hour of Death,
While hovering o'er the fleeting breath,
It is not while we look our last,
The present all—forgot the past,
It is not while we watch the eye
Closing with death's last quivering sigh
We feel our loss.

It is not while we gently lay
The loved remains in Death's array,
It is not while with noiseless tread
We gather round the drooping dead,
And for a few, sad, mournful days
On what was precious fondly gaze
We feel our loss.

It is not when Love's labour done,
The coffin closed—we one by one
With trembling step approach and kneel,
And on the bed a farewell seal
From lips which could not speak a prayer,
So deep the feelings struggling there,
We know our loss.

And when the last sad, solemn rite,
Ashes to ashes must unite
In sable garb we stand around,
Bathing with tears the burial ground.
Then, then indeed a grief we feel
Which Heaven's balm alone can heal,
Still not our loss.

But when a few more days are gone,
And we yet weep—but weep alone,
When all is as it was before
Save one we never can see more,
When others take that vacant place,
So lately filled by one dear face,
We feel our loss.

And when we hear the song she loved,
And rove where once with her she roved,
And when we see the flowers look gay,
And she who tended them away!
Then, then we smile as others smile,
The heart it may be weeps the while,
We feel our loss.

Oh! many a fear may pass away,
And many a sunbeam round us play,
And many a heavy cloud of woe
Darken our pathway, here below!
But joy, nor grief can e'er efface
What memory's pen will fondly trace,
How deep our loss.

Legh.

A sound of church bells on a working day,
A cross amidst a crowded market place,
That like a benediction seems to lay
On all that restless throng a spell of grace.
E'en such, sweet Friend, hath been the thought of
Thee

When heavy on my heart the world hath leant,
We were two solitary barks at sea,
That on strange waters touch'd, and found we went
Each to the same far land, and though we be
Long out of sight, like chance companions parted,
Across the drear world, drifting loneliness,
Yet ne'er again can we be lonely hearted,
For the sweet hope shall haunt us ever more,
Of passing hand in hand towards th' eternal shore.

Rev. Thos. Whytehead.

Oh Lord! Thou knowest all the snares
That round our pathway be ;
Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
Come between us and Thee ;
Thou know'st that our infirmity
In Thee alone is strong,
To Thee for help and strength we fly,
Oh, let us not go wrong.

Oh, bear us up, protect us now,
In dark temptation's hour ;
For Thou wast born of woman, Thou
Hast felt the tempter's power.
All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
Who strive and suffer long,
Midst all our weakness, cares and woes,
Oh let us not go wrong.

A. C.

Lines on a sound heard in the air, on a perfectly fine and calm day, in the summer of 1835, by a girl only 12 years old.

What art thou, thou mysterious sound
With thy low deep murmur gathering round,
Now rolling o'er the fair summer skies
As their vault in its tranquil beauty lies?
Thou dost not come on the breeze's wing,
No breath does the roses' perfume bring,
Thou art not borne on the thunder cloud—
The Heaven's no gloomy vapour shroud;
Thou dost not ride on the tempest's ire,
No deadly flashes of forkèd fire,
Herald thee through the firmament.
Whence art thou, then? and wherefore sent?
Would I were skilled in mystic lore!
Would I thro' starlit paths could soar!
Oh, were I not chained to this parent earth,
Sound, I would know thy wondrous birth.
Say in some bright revolving star,
Are countless thousands waging war?
Art thou the sound of their armies flying?
Art thou the groan of their millions dying?
Or still more dread—is the sound, Oh! say,
That of worlds like ours that pass away?
In thee is heard the Heaven's vast roll,
Shrivelling away like a parched scroll.
And even now as I hear thy roaring,
Myriads and myriads of souls are souring
Soaring to God—or doom'd—ah, me!
Unknown and unguessed must their secret be.

What was a grief, is now a loss,
A stationary want—
An absence felt in every room,
In each familiar haunt.

There is a change come o'er my grief,
A mute and passive pain,
And those who love me, smile and say
I am myself again.

I move about and do my work,
That old routine of yore,
But if I seem to sorrow less,
It is to miss him more.

Think what spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's love is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee,
Child of God can'st thou repine?
Go thou on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal gates before thee,
God can shortly bring thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

The time for toil has passed. The night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eve ;
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves !

Last of the labourers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves,
That I am burthen'd not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

Few, light and worthless—yet their weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stay'd and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet there are all my sheaves !

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Bramble and flowers, dry stalks and wither'd
leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

Yet do I gather strength and hope anew,
So well I know Thy patient love perceives,
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves !

As one by one they enter in, the stern portals
close once more ;
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling at
the door.
The joy that lightened from that place still shines
upon the watcher's face,
The faint low echo that we hear of far off music
seems to fill
The silent air with love and fear,—the world's
clamours all grow still,
Until the portals close again, and leave us toiling
on in pain.
Complain not that the way is long—what road is
weary that leads there,
But let the Angel take thine hand and lead thee
up the misty stair,
And then with beating heart await the opening of
the Golden Gate.

In poverty and dreariness,
In sickness and in weariness,
Mortal decay
Upon her restless bed,
Turning her aching head,
At noon she lay.

In sight of angel throng,
Filling with their sweet song
The vault of Heaven.
In peace that knows no fear,
Of sin, or pain, or care,
She lies at even.

Seems not that transit strange?
We cannot grasp the change
To so much bliss.
Grudge not the wasting powers,
The painful waiting hours
That lead to this!

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague longings,
The aching void which nothing left can fill?
Oh, what desires upon my heart are thronging,
As I gaze upward to the Heavenly Hill!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending,
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide,
Guide me towards Home, where all my wanderings
ending,
I shall see Thee, and be satisfied.

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one,
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes
The heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
Where love is gone!

Lines written by Horace Twiss for his aunt, Mrs. Siddons, on her taking leave of the stage. June 29th, 1812.

Who has not felt how growing use endears
The fond remembrance of our former years!
Who has not sigh'd when doomed to leave at last
The hopes of youth, the habits of the past.
Ten thousand ties and interests that impart
A second nature to the human heart,
And wreathing round it close, like tendrils climb,
Blooming in age, and sanctified by time.

Yes! at this moment crowd upon my mind
Scenes of bright days for ever left behind,
Bewildering visions of enraptured youth,
When hope and fancy bore the hues of truth;
And long forgotten years that almost seem
The faded traces of a morning dream.
Sweet are those mournful thoughts, for they view
The pleasing scenes of all I owe to you,
For each inspiring smile, and soothing tear,
For the full honours of my long career,
That cheer'd my earliest hope and chased my
latest fear.

And though for me those tears shall flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er,
Though the night beams are fading fast away,
That shone unclouded on my summer day,
Yet grateful memory shall reflect their light
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,
And lend to later life a softer tone,
A moonlight tint—a lustre not her own.

Judges and Friends, to whom the magic strain
Of natural feeling never spoke in vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when you have glided by,
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think of her, whose lips have poured so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakespeare's song
On her, who parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner, she but seem'd before
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes with swelling heart, her long, her
last Farewell!

Wer't thou like me in life's low vale,
With thee now blest, that lot I'd share.
With thee, I'd fly wher'ever gale
Could waft, or bounding galley bear.
But parted by severe decree,
Far different must our futures prove,
May thine be joy, enough for me
To weep and pray for him I love.
The pangs this foolish heart must feel
When hope shall be for ever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal,
No selfish murmurs ever own.
Nor will I through life's many years,
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
May wound the heart of him I love.
"Legend of Montrose."

.... Yon path of greensward
Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion ;
There is no flint to gall thy tender feet,
There's ready shelter from each breeze and shower.
But duty guides not that way—see her stand
With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon cliff,
Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy
 footsteps ;
Oft where she leads thy head must bear the storm,
And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold, and
 hunger ;
But she will guide thee up to noble heights,
Which he who gains seems nature to the sky,
While earthly things lie stretch'd beneath his feet,
Diminished, shrunk, and valueless.

Wordsworth.

The good man does good merely by living,
And the good he does may often mar
The plans he formed for his own happiness,
But he cannot regret that
Heaven has permitted him to do good.

Kenelm Chillingley.

I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many ways we wend,
Many days, and many ways,
Ending in one end.
Many a wrong and its luring song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one Home
For the whole world to win.

But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of thine that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not Fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver cord, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul we bind.

"Lay of the last Minstrel." Canto v., xiii.

Meet me in the valley,
When heart and flesh do fail,
And safely, safely lead me on,
Till safe within the veil.
When faith shall turn to gladness,
To find herself with Thee,
And trembling hope shall realise
Her full felicity.

Angels shall bear us onward,
And courteous welcome give,
To those, redeemed from sinful earth,
With them to praise and live.
But Angels shall be silent,
While dearer spirits press
To mingle with our present joy,
Their calmed happiness.

Then shall they meekly lead us on
Through their bright company,
Toward the brighter throne of Him
Who died to ransom me.
No further guidance needing,
Together we shall bend
To Him who having loved us once,
Hath loved us to the end.

Oh! meet me in the valley,
When heart and flesh do fail,
And safely, safely lead us on
Till safe within the veil.
And Saviour, deal as gently
With those I leave behind,
Till each within their heavenly Home
As bright a welcome find.

Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burthen, child, I shaped it,
Poised it in mine own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength,
For even as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burthen shall be mine, not hers.
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love." Here lay it down nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come,
Thou art not near enough; I would embrace thy care
So I might feel my child reposing on my heart.
Thou lovest me? I know it; doubt not then
But loving me Lean hard.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies.
Lord of all—to Thee we raise
This our thankful Psalm of Praise.

For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree, and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light.
Lord of all—to Thee we raise
This our thankful Psalm of Praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brothers, Sisters, Parents, Child,
Friends on earth, and Friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled.
Lord of all—to Thee we raise
This our thankful Psalm of Praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love.
Lord of all—to Thee we raise
This our thankful Psalm of Praise.

The Moors! the Moors! the bonny brown Moors,
Shining and fresh with April showers!
Where the wild birds sing
The return of spring,
And the gorse and the broom
Shed their rich perfume
Of their golden bloom.
'Tis a joy to re-visit the bonny brown Moors,
Aloft in the air floats the white seamew,
And pipes her shrill whistle the grey curlew,
And the peewit gambols around her nest,
And the heath cock crows on the mountain's crest,
And freely gushes the dark brown rill
In cadence sweet from the lonely hill:
Where mingling her song with the torrent's din,

As it bubbles and foams in the rocky brim ;
Twitters and plunges the water crow
In the pool where the trout are springing below,
And the lambs in the sunshine leap and play
By their bleating dams in the grassy brae,
With a withered thorn as their trysting place
To mark the goal where their footprints trace
The narrow course of their sportive race.
Oh! know ye the region in spring more fair
Than the banks and the grass of the moorland bare.

The Moors! the Moors! the fragrant Moors,
Where the heather breaks forth with purple flowers,

Where the blazing sun
Through the Crab hath run,
And the Lion's wrath
Inflames his path ;

What garden can vie with the glowing Moor?
The light clouds seem in mid air to rest
On the dappled mountain's misty breast,
And living things bask in the noontide ray,
That lights up the summer's glorious day!
Nor a sigh of wind, nor a sound is heard,
Save the faint shrill chirp of some lonely bird,
Save the raven's croak, or the buzzard's cry,
Or the wild bee's choral minstrelsy,
Or the tinkling bell of the drowsy flock
Where they lie in the shade of the cavern'd rock!
But when the last hours of declining day
Are melted and lost in the twilight grey,

And the otter peeps forth, and the full orb'd moon
Serenely looks down from her highest noon,
And the rippling water reflects the light,
And the birch and the pine tree deepen the night,
Oh! who but must own his proud spirit subdu'd
By the calm of the desert solitude;
So balmy, so silent, so solemnly fair,
As if some blest spirit were riding the air,
And might commune with man on the moorland
bare.

The Moors! the Moors! the joyous Moors,
When autumn displays her golden stores;
 When the morning's breath
 Blows across the heath;
 And the fern waves wide
 On the mountain side,
 'Tis gladness to ride
At the peep of dawn o'er the dewy Moors!
For the sportsmen have mounted the topmost crags,
And the fleet dogs bound o'er the mossy hags,
And the mist clears off, as the lagging sun,
With his first ray gleams on the glowing gun,
And the startled grouse and the black cock spring
At the well-known report on whirring wing.
Or wander we north, where the dunder go
Unrestrain'd on the summit of high Ben-y-glow,
And Glen Tilt and Glen Bruan re-echo the sound
Of the hart held to bay by the deep-mouth'd
 bloodhound,

And the eagle stoops down from Sherhallion to
claim

With the fox, and the raven, his share of the game.
But a cloud hath o'ershadowed the forest and waste,
And the Angel of Death on the whirlwind hath
passed,

And the cormorant sings on the mountains of
Blair,

For the Lord of the woods, and the moorlands bare.

The Moors! the Moors! the desolate Moors,
When the mist thickens round, and the tempest
roars,

When the monarch of storm

Rears his giant form

On some rock-built throne

That he claims as his own,

To survey the wild war on the desolate Moor!

For the winds are let loose, and the word is gone
forth

To awaken the troops of the frozen North!

And the lightning and hail-storm, and hurricane fly

At a wave of his arm through the dark rolling sky,

And his footsteps are trampling the fog and the
cloud

That envelop the earth in a funeral shroud;

And the sheep and the shepherd lie buried below,

The wide spreading folds of his mantle of snow.

And the breath of his nostrils encumbers the wood,

And his fetters of crystal arrest the flood,

And he binds in its fall the cataract,
And makes level the gulfs of the mountain tract,
Till his work is complete! and a dread repose
Bends over a boundless waste of snows:
And the wild winds proclaim in whispers drear
The decay and death of the by-gone year.

H. T. Liddell, First Earl of Ravensworth.

All joy to the believer! He can speak;
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek,
Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy feet,
And cut up all my follies to the root,
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
Or hoped but in Thy righteousness Divine,
My prayers, and alms, imperfect and defiled
Were all the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart;
Cleansed in Thine own, all purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at Thy feet! my only plea
Is what it was—dependence upon Thee!
Which struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd me, nor shall it fail me now—
Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
Pride falls unpitied never more to rise,
Humility is crowned, and Faith receives the prize.

Cowper on Truth

O Death in Life! so many months of years
Debarr'd from social intercourse of speech,
Yet keenly sensitive in mental powers
As when of old I used to talk and teach.

O Life in Death! in all the night of grief
To feel the chastening of a Father's hand,
And wholly trust Him, asking no relief,
Nor seeking here His ways to understand.

To sit apart and hear the joyful sound
Of mirth and wit from children's lips how dear,
Yet share it not, though none could there be found
More apt to enjoy, or readier to cheer.

Active by nature, and by constant use,
So that an idle moment was a pain;
Now doom'd with folded hands to sit and muse,
Each limb disabled, as if given in vain.

But then I see, as David did of old,
Each sickness sin caused, and from Mercy's rod,
Which sparing swift destruction would unfold
Even the loiterer's in the fold of God.

And I believe that Thou of faithful love
Hast caused me all this agony and strife,
Grant I may know it in the world above,
When Life in Death has conquer'd Death in Life

M. Gatty.

LINES ON EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined
In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul, that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through Primrose tufts in that green bower
The Periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure ;
But the least motion that they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding leaves stretch'd out their fan
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If this be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

Wordsworth.

At that name he started, as a man
That hears on foreign shores, from alien lips,
Some name familiar to his Fatherland;
And all at once the man's heart only groans,
For brooks that bubble, and for woods that wave
Before his Father's door, while he forgets
The forms about him. *Tannhäuser.*

The sense of power is freedom, warmth, and light;
The sense of weakness, gloom, and chains, and
blight;
The sense of power is Life's immortal breath;
The sense of weakness is the touch of Death.

Fraser.

Come to the Saviour as you are.
Yes! but come to be what you are not.

I have been to a Land, a Border Land,
Where there was but a strange dim light,
Where shadows and dreams as a spectral band
Seem'd real to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came,
Or if thence I should pass again,
It's morning and night were mark'd by the flight,
Or coming of woe and pain.

But I saw from the Land, the Border Land,
With its mountain ridges hoar,
That they look'd across a wondrous strand,
A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turned me to Him the Crucified,
In most humble faith and prayer,
Who had ransom'd with blood my sinful soul,
For I thought He would call me there.

Yet nay! for awhile in the Border Land,
He bade me in patience stay,
And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand,
Whilst He chased its gloom away.
He had set me amidst those shadows dim,
And shewn me that world so near,
To teach me that earnest trust in Him.
Is the one thing needful here.

And so from the Land, the Border Land,
I have turn'd me to earth once more,
But earth and its works were such trifles scann'd
By the light of that radiant shore.
And Oh! should they ever possess me again
Too deeply in heart and hand,
I must think how empty they seemed and
vain,
From the heights of the Border Land.

The Border Land had depths and vales,
Where sorrow for sin was known,
Where small seem'd great as weighed in scales,
Held by God's hand alone.
'Twas a land where earthly pride was naught,
Where the poor were brought to mind,
With their scanty bed and fireless cot,
And their head so hard to find.

But little I heard in the Border Land
Of all that passed below,
The once loved voices of Human life
To the deafened ear were low.
I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet call,
And alike to its gibe and its sneer,
Its riches were dust, and the top of all
Would then scarce have cost a tear.

I met with a friend in the Border Land,
Whose teaching can come with power,
To the blinded eye and the deafen'd ear
In afflictions loneliest hour.
Times of refreshing to the soul
In languour oft he brings,
Prepares it thus to meditate
On high and glorious things.

Oh! Holy Ghost too often grieved
In heat and earthly haste,
I love those slow and silent hours
That seem'd to run to waste.
I would not but have passed those depths,
And such communion known,
As can be held in the Border Land
With Thee and Thee alone.

I have been to a Land, a Border Land,
May oblivion never roll
On the mighty lessons which then and there
Were graven on my soul.
I have trodden a path I did not know,
Safe in my Saviour's hand,
I can trust Him for the future now,
I have been to the Border Land.

When once thy foot enters a church, be bare.
God is more there than thou, for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoilt silk stocking. Quit thy state,
All equal are within the Church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most,
Praying's the end of preaching. Oh! be drest,
Stay not for th' other pin. Why, thou hast lost
A joy, for it, worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings; and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about
thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart ; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise,
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.

Who marks in Church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part.
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures
thither.

Christ purged His Temple, so must thou thy heart,
All worldly thoughts are but as thieves met
together.

To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well,
For Churches either are our Heav'n or Hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not ;
God calleth preaching, folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good. If all want
sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains
He that, by being in Church, escapes the ditch
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them
shine.

Jest not at preacher's language or expression,
How know'st thou but *thy* sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession,
God sent him, whatsoe'er he be. Oh! tarry,
And love him for his Master. His condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at God's ways of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: Mark the decay
And growth of it. If, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both. Since we
shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man!
Look not at pleasures as they come, but go;
Defer not the least virtue. Life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe,
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

George Herbert. "Church Porch."

DAY DREAMS.

I, often lying idly over seas,
At ope of day, soft couch'd in foreign land,
Dream a green dream of England when young trees
Make murmur, and the amber striped bees
To search the woodbine through, a busy band
Come floating at the casement, while new tann'd
And tedded hay sends forth on morning breeze
Incense of sunny fields, thro' curtains fanned,
With invitations faint to Far-away.
So dreaming half awake at ope of day,
Dream I of daisy greens, and village pates,
And the white winking of the warmed May
In blossomy hedge, and brown oak-leaved dales,
And little children dear at dewy play,
Till all my heart grows young and glad as they,
And sweet thoughts come and go as scented gales
Through an open window when the month is gay.

But often wandering lonely over seas,
At shade of day in unfamiliar land,
What time the serious light is on the leas,
To me there comes a sighing after ease
Much wanted, and an aching wish to stand
Knee-deep in English grass, and have at hand
A little churchyard cool, with native trees,
And grassy mounds, thick laced with ozier band,
Wherein to rest at last, nor further stray;
So sad of heart, muse I at shut of day,

On safe and quiet England ; till thought ails
To an inward groaning deep for fields fed grey
With twilight, copse throng'd with nightingales,
Home gardens full of rest, where never may
Come loud intrusion ; and what chiefly fails
My sick desire ; old friendships fled away,
I am much vexed with loss. Kind memory lay
My head upon thy lap, and tell me tales
Of the good old time, when all was pure and gay.

Robert Lytton.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power,
There's fruit in each wind wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whisper'd word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And calm unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless, none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work and despair not, give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be.
God is with all who serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Now let us say, some things 'gainst nature be,
Because such things as those we seldom see,
We know not what is natural, but call
Those acts which God does often—natural.
When if we weighed with a religious eye
The power of doing—not the frequency—
All things alike in strangeness to our thought
Would be, which He in the creature wrought ;
But in these things care and wondrous things
may we,
The freedom of that great Creator see.
When He at first the course of things ordained,
And Nature within certain bounds restrained
That laws of seeds and seasons may be known,
He did not then at all confine His own
Almighty power! But whene'er He will
Works 'gainst the common course of nature still.

May's "Henry II."

In the North a lonely Pine tree
Stands on a bare bleak height
Slumbering, snow-capped, and frozen,
Cloaked in a covering white.

And dreaming alway on a Palm tree,
Which afar in the East doth stand
Mutely in solitude pining
On a burning Table-land.

Translated from Heine by the Hon. Julian Fane.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, wandering, weary travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul—and as on high
These rolling fires discover nothing but the sky
Not light us here—so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright orb ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Dryden.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he
is gone to dwell ;
To us for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live
in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth
now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
Seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss that
he doth feel
Are numbered with the secret things that God will
not reveal.

But I know (for God has told me this) that he is now
at rest,

Where other blessed infants lie, on their Saviour's
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of
flesh,

But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joys
for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their
glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of
Heaven's divinest things.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can
never cease,

There let may here be grief and pain, but his is
certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from
bliss may sever,

But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours
for ever.

When we think what our Darling is, and what we
still must be,

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this
world's misery,

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel the
grief and pain,

Oh! we'd rather lose our other two than have *Him*
back again.

Moultrie.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall than runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours.
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
Now like imagined landscapes in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find.
Therefore, as doth the Pilgrim in the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy Home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's waiting day.
The wary mariner so fast not flies
The howling tempest, harbour to attain,
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold his bleating train,
As I
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain.

"Drummond of Hawthorndeen."

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright,
With something of an Angel's light.

Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that lov'd her ; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this, our life to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of evil men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

Wordsworth. "Tintern Abbey."

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers rise,
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers ;
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies !
The tufted crow toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears,
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed ;
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat herse where Lycid lies.

Milton.

OAK AND FERN.

"See now this fern cut from the root reveals

"The semblance of an oak enfiled there."

"Old Play."

I.

Bearing his image in her heart,
Who once to her was all in all;
A shade to screen her from the heat,
A shelter from the storm.
Fiercely against whose mighty form,
The bellowing tempest vainly beat,
And all the winds would brawl;
Whose pleached branches had the power
To turn the fierce rain to a shower,
And make the whirlwind musical;
Who made the angry Noon seem sweet,
As through his foliag'd arms would fall,
The mellow'd light ambrosial,
Upon her, lowly at his feet.

II.

Bearing his image in her heart,
As here within her gaze he grew,
With leafy hands outstretch'd to love her,
And lure her to his side.

Who stood in all his kingly pride
So near, and yet so far above her,
The greatest that she knew ;
Till down the dreadful age descended,
That clove his life in twain, and rended
All his pride ; and overthrew
Hence, where she may not discover
Beyond her simple ken and view
They bore him ; but her heart keeps true
The picture of her parted lover.

III.

Bearing his image in her heart,
The image of his leafy pride,
The semblance of the form he bore,
And not of that he bears :
Unwitting of what form he wears,
If other than the form he wore
When he stood by her side ;
While haply he, transform'd away
In Caribee or far Cathay,
Now breasts the billowy tide,
Bears Victory's flag above the roar
Of guns, where some great cause is tried,
Or piled with grain of gold may glide
In peace along the Libyan shore.

IV.

Bearing his image in her heart,
Some woman left alone to pine,
Who bears the likeness of her mate,
Limn'd in her tender breast,
The face she knew, the form she press'd,
The hands she clasp'd, the lips that take,
Had kiss'd and called her "Mine"—
The image of her Darling dead,
Not of that glory-circl'd head
And seraph form divine,
Which haply guards the golden gate
Of truth against the archfoe's line,
Or stands expectant at the shrine,
Where souls disjoined for union wait.

Julian Fane.

The words that trembled on your lips
Were utter'd not—I knew it well!
The tears that would your eyes eclipse
Were check'd and smothered as they fell;
The looks and smiles I gained from you
Were little more than other's won,
And yet you are not wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.

You knew, at least, you might have known
That every little grace you gave,
Your voice's somewhat lower'd tone,
Your hand's first shake, or parting wave,
Your every sympathetic look
At words that chanc'd your soul to touch,
While reading from some favourite book,
Was much to me—alas! how much.

You might have seen—perhaps you saw
How all of these were steps of hope—
On which I rose in joy or awe,
Up to my passion's lofty scope;
How after each, a firmer tread
I planted on the slippery ground,
And higher raised my venturous head,
And ever new assurance found.

May be without a further thought,
It only pleased you then to please,
And so to kindly feelings wrought,
You measured not the sweet degrees.
Yet, though you hardly understand,
Where I was following at your call,
You ought—I dare to say you should—
Have thought how far I had to fall.

And then when fallen, faint and bruised,
I see another's glad success ;
I may have wrongfully accused
Your heart of vulgar fickleness ;
But even now in calm review
Of all I lost and all I won,
I cannot deem you wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.

Monckton Milnes

What, many times I musing asked, is man
If grief and care
Keep far from him? He knows not what he can,
What cannot, bear.

He, till the fire has purged him, doth remain,
But merely dross ;
To lack the loving discipline of pain
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content,
The grief by which I must be purified,
To me were sent.

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering kiss,
Before my soul, I cried, Oh! spare me here,
Oh, no! not this.

As one who feeling need of deep within
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Nay then! but He who best can understand
Both what we need,
Nor crying heed.
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,

The noblest things are still the commonest.
Have air and light, and God's abounding grace.

The Gypsies chained in couples, all save one,
Walk in dark file with grand bare legs and arms,
And savage melancholy in their eyes,
That stare like gleams from out black clouds of hair.

Why does he look at her? why she at him?
As if the meeting lights between their eyes
Made permanent union.

In the screaming time,
Of purple blossoms, when the petals crowd,
And softly crush like cherub cheeks in Heav'n,
Who thinks of greenly withered fruit and worms!
Oh! the soft southern spring is beauteous!

And in love's spring all good seems possible ;
No threats, all promises, brooklets ripple full,
And bathe the rushes ; vicious crawling things
Are pretty eggs ; the sun shines generously,
And parches not ; the silent rain beats warm
As childhood's hopes ; days are young and grow,
And earth seems in the sweet beginning time,
Fresh made for two who live in Paradise.

.... Oh ! they are sweet,
And none will come just like them. Perhaps the wind
Wails so in winter for the summer dead,
And all sad sounds are Nature's funeral cries,
For what has been and is not !

And still the light is changing high above
That soft pink cloud ; others will deeper flush,
Stretch like Flamingo's bending towards the South,
Comes a more solemn brilliance o'er the sky,
A meaning more intense upon the air,
The inspiration of the dying day.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward shirks to death, the brave live on.

Art thou weary, sweet child, with long sickness and
pain,

Which God in His wisdom hath given?

'Tis the loss thy Redeemer converted to gain,
To befit thee for dwelling in Heaven.

Three years thou hast battled with wasting disease,

'Twas the term of His ministry here;

With Him be content to forego thine own ease,
For the time of release draweth near.

This day, 'tis recorded an Angel came down

To announce to St. Mary the pure,

That she by God's power shall bring forth a son,
Who salvation for man should procure.

Human flesh the most High condescended to take,

And sojourned as man upon earth,

That lost sinners the children of God He might make
By the grace of new spiritual birth.

Himself bore our sicknesses, sorrows, and guilt,

That we in His strength might endure;

For us was His life blood on Calvary spilt,
Our ransom from death to secure.

He proveth His gold in adversity's fire,

Thus purging each remnant of dross,

And pangs meekly borne, are but lifting us higher
To share in His mystical cross.

He lovingly bids thee to yield up thy breath,
Fear no evil—but bow to His will,
Though thou walk through the valley and shadow
of Death,
His arm shall encompass thee still.

Nor forget we co-incident lessons of grace,
At this holy season conveyed—
That we Parents, in Christ's blessed conduct may
trace
The course of our duty portrayed.

'Tis the week of His Passion! the day when He gave,
By the choice of His sanctified will,
Himself, in memorial oblation to save
A world from perdition and ill.

And, appointing a feast on the sacrifice, taught
That we with His being are fed;
And all in one saintly communion are brought,
Comprising both living and dead.

Lord grant us with similar freedom of choice
Our fondly loved child to resign,
And even with pang-stricken heart to rejoice
That she is not ours, but Thine.

At the dawning of day, the dread summons was sent,
And the moment of parting drew near,
For the breath of existence was feeble and spent,
'Twas our call to devotion and prayer.

No struggle of agony racked her sweet frame,
As the earthly life drew to its close ;
But the Angel of Death as God's Messenger came
With his mandate to bring her repose.

One long loving look on her Mother she cast,
More expressive than words, it would say,
God comfort thee, dearest ! my struggle is past,
I am called by Our Father away.

Then the silken-fringed eyelashes droop'd as in sleep,
And shut those dear orbs from our sight,
No more with exhaustion and anguish to weep,
But to open on visions of light.

She has finished her course and arrived at the goal,
Holy Saviour award her the prize,
And enjoin Thy good Angels in charge of her soul
To bear it from earth to the skies.

Dear inanimate form, how profound is thy rest,
And thy mien how surpassingly fair !
With a crucifix laid on thy virginal heart,
And thy hands meekly folded in prayer.

When the Archangel's trump through all space shall
resound,

And our bodies are quickened from dust,
In this devout posture may thine still be found,
To betoken in whom is thy trust.

That world must be blessed which Jesus compared
To Eden's primeval delight,
And the grave shorn of terrors which thy body
shared,
While resting victorious from fight.

So, believing His word, we commit to the ground
Thy remains, on His own Easter even,
Till re-called unto life by His grace, they be found
To rejoin Thy blest spirit in Heav'n.

*Lines written by the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell
on the death of his daughter, Georgiana Maria
Liddell, 25th March, 1869.*

No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my soul felt her destiny divine ;
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold.
Heaven-born the soul a Heavenward course must
hold

Beyond the visible world she seems to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak).

Ideal form the universal man.
 The wise man I affirm can find no rest
 In that which perishes, nor will he lend
 His heart to aught which does on life depend.
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love
 That kills the soul. Love betters what is best
 Even here—but more in Heaven above.

Sonnet by Michael Angelo, translated by Wordsworth.

She fills my life, that would be empty else,
 And lifts my nought to value by her side.
 She is good enough, or seems to be,
 Why all men born, whose being ministers
 To her completeness. Is it most her voice
 Subdues us? Or her instinct exquisite?
 Informing each old strain with some new grace,
 Which takes our sense like any natural good.
 Her nature hides
 One half its treasures, by its very wealth,
 Taxing the hours to shed it.
 O pleasure has cramped dwelling in our souls.
 And when full being comes must utter pain
 To lend its liberal space.

What is Fame

But the benignant strength of one transformed to
 joy of many?
 I cannot bear to think what life would be
 With high hope shrunk to endurance-stunted aims,
 Like broken lances ground to eating knives.

George Eliot.

What

Can man do to you that a rebel may
Which fear might deem as bad as banishment,
Not death, nor bonds are bitterer than his day,
On whom the sun looks forth of a strange sky,
Whose thirst drinks waters from strange hands,
whose lips

Eat stranger's bread for hunger, who lie down
In a strange dark and sleeps not, and the light
Makes his eyes weep for their own morning sun
On hills that helped to make him man, and fields
Whose flowers grew round his heart's root. Day, like
night,

Denies him, and the stars and airs of Heaven
Are as their eyes and tongues who know him not,
Go not to banishment, the world is great,
But each has but his own land in the world.
There is one home that gives each man milk,
One country like one mother; none sleeps well
Who lies between strange hearts; no lips drink life
That seek it from strange fosters. Go not hence—
You shall find no man's faith or love on earth
Like their's that now cleave to you.

"Bothwell." Act v., Scene xiii

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waken'd and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

Come and stand round the widow and her child,
As when the first forgot her tears and smiled.
They who watch by Him see not, but he sees—
Sees and exults. Were ever dreams like these
Those who watch by him hear not, but he hears,
And earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears.

Rogers.

How often is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it; but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours; yet far within our souls.
Amid the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought which lingers still
Around that image.

Lift not the veil too soon,
Lest I be startled at the vision given,
And turn in terror from the proffer'd boon,
And so lose Heaven.

But gradually disclose
Each one by one, my crosses to be borne;
So shall I learn to strive for Eden's rose,
Fearing no thorn.

Had holy Peter's eyes
Foreseen the shadowing of his coming years,
He would have shrunk o'erwhelmed in agony
Of doubt and fears.

And dread of stripes and chains,
Of houseless wanderings, contempt and scorn,
And death's sharp, lingering, solitary pains
All to be borne.

But onward hour by hour,
And year by year the cross still lured him on,
And whilst he doubted if he should have power,
The goal was won.

"Lenten Thoughts." Rev. J. Furnaux.

I followed on life's glistening way
The light which fortune threw before me,
And distant seemed the glittering ray
Towards which my longing spirit bore me.
But when the sparkling goal I neared,
And almost called that glory mine,
Beyond me still the light appeared,
Before me still it seemed to shine.

But now what change is this I learn,
Ah! must I backwards turn my gaze?
I see the light behind me burn,
Which marked me with its fitful rays.
I never passed it on the road,
I never caught one living beam;
I only saw where far it glow'd,
Alas! then, was it all a Dream?

Translated from the German by E. Y.

But festive beyond all that song or dream
Could publish of festivity, to me
Was Uloth's face, fulfilled of all delight
That seemed to lavish like a miser's heir
It's hoard of joy!

The tree

Seeks kindlier nurture from the soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves, and man is made
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish.

"Eve of the Conquest." H. Taylor.

Let my misfortune's plead, and know their weight,
By knowing of the worth of what I lost.
She was a creature framed by love divine,
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved,
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched
No vital chord, nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a Hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!
Yet whilst the world's empty ambitious cares,
It's small disquietudes and insect stings
Disturbed her never, she was one made up

Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.
Such was her inward being, which to fit
With answerable grace of outward favour,
Nature bestowed corporeal beauty bright,
Framed in such mood of passionate conception,
As when the Godhead from a dream of love
Awaking, with poetic rapture seized,
Substantiates the vision, and the form,
His dreaming fancy feigned, creates alive.
These are but words

No, they mean nothing—that which they would speak
Sinks into silence—'tis what none can know

That knew not her—the silence of the grave,
Whence could I call her radiant beauty back.
It could not come more savouring of Heaven
Than it went home—the tomb received her charms
In their perfection, with no trace of time
Nor stain of sin upon them; only death
Had turned them pale

She was so fair that in the angelic choir
She will not need put on another shape
Than that she bore on earth. Well, well—she's gone,
And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief
Are transitory things no less than joy.
And though they leave us not the men we were
Yet they do leave us.

"Philip van Arteveldt." Henry Taylor. Vol. ii, p. 98.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend ;
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them,
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true peace
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Ibid. Vol. 1, p. 42.

Life is before ye!
A sweet burthen is the life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly.
Stand up, and walk under it steadfastly ;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
Onwards and upwards till the goal ye win.
God guard you, and God guide you on the way,
Young pilgrim warriors who set forth this day.
Lord Granville's Speech. London University, 1859.

Sweeter 'tis to hearken
Than to bear a part ;
Better to look on happiness
Than to carry a light heart.
Safer to walk on cloudy height
With the sunny plains below,
Than to weary of the brightest
Where the floods of sunshine flow.
Alford.

Oh, Arteveldt, my choice is free no more!
Be mine, all mine, let good or ill betide,
In war or peace, in sickness or in health,
In trouble and in danger and in distress,
Through time and through eternity I'll love thee,
In youth and age, in life and death I'll love thee.
Here and hereafter with all my soul and strength,
So God accept me, as I never cease
From loving and adoring thee next Him,
And Oh! may He pardon me if so betrayed
By mortal frailty as to love thee more.

'Twas a fond fancy to so deeply love
One who was known, but as the shooting stars
That falls from Heaven's blue vault and instant dies.
Whose smile was only pictured, never seen,
Whose voice was never heard. Tall, slight, and fair,
Verging from blighted youth to manhood's care,
Th' Imperial boy with bended graceful form,
Guiding his fiery steeds, and from his sad
And almost stern expression might be known
That he was musing upon days long past,
And thinking of th' avenging hour to come.

He little knew when passing by a child
Of far-off Albion's shore, so young a heart
Did swell and beat with deep compassion,
And for deep love of Him. And now again
With stealthy step I see him tread upon
Vienna's bastion.—Pale, beautiful,
And high his brow, but clouded o'er with care,
Well might be guessed that He was born for grief.
The child returned to Albion, and with
Her native gaiety of heart, well nigh
Forgot the idol of her fancy—till
It harshly fell upon her ear:—"His days
Are number'd, and He's dying. Oh! in what
Full tide did all her childish love return,
And with re-doubled force take hold
Upon her young imagination.
And He did die—That dear lov'd form has ceased
Long since to breathe.—The child is grown into
A woman.—She has ceased to love, yet dwells
On His untimely end in bitterness
Of thought. But fervently she hopes that He
Is happier now, far happier than He would
Have been had all things prosper'd with Him,
And life been spared, and had He reigned here
on this
Cold, bleak, and lonely, yet most beauteous earth.

*Lines written on the early death at Vienna of the
Duc de Riechstadt, by B. E. B.*

World, farewell! of thee I'm tired,
Now toward Heaven my way I take,
There is Peace, the long desired,
Lofty, calm, that naught can break.
World with thee is war and strife,
Thou with cheating hopes art rife;
But in Heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

When I reach that Home of gladness
I shall feel no more this load,
Feel no sickness, want, or sadness,
Resting in the arms of God.
In the world woes follow fast,
And a bitter death comes last,
But in Heaven shall naught destroy,
Endless peace, and love, and joy.

What are earthly joys? a weary
Chase of mist on windborne foam;
On this desert black and dreary,
Sins and vices have their home.
Thine, O world, are war and strife,
Mocking pleasures, dying life;
But in Heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Oh! the music and the singing
Of the heart redeem'd by Love ;
Oh! the Hallelujah's ringing
Through the halls of light above.
Thine, O world, the scornful sneer,
Misery thy award and fear ;
But in Heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Here is often care and mourning,
Comes a joy—it does not stay,
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.
World with thee we weep and pine,
Gnawing care and grief are thine,
But in Heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Onward then! not long I wander,
Ere my Saviour comes to me ;
And with Him abiding yonder,
All His glory I shall see.
For there's constant sorrow here,
Toil and pain and many a fear ;
But in Heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Well for him whom Death has landed
Safely on yon blessed shore,
Where in joyful worship banded,
Sing the Faithful evermore.
For the world hath strife and woe,
All her works and hopes they mar ;
But in Heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Time, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace,
Ere with Him the High and Holy,
We hold converse face to face.
World! with partings, those art rife,
Filled with tears, and storm, and strife.
But in Heaven can naught destroy,
Endless peace, and love, and joy.

Therefore will I now prepare me,
That my work may stand His doom,
And when all is sinking round me,
I may hear not "go," but "come."
World! the voice of grief is here,
Outward scorning, care and fear,
But in Heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

J. G. Williams, 1652.

Passing the walls of . . . on a cold, moonlight
night.

Let us pass on, dear sister, for those dark
Grey stones have chill'd my heart. See how the moon
Hangs coldly o'er us, smiling upon all,
And lighting up with trembling, fitful ray,
The shadow'd depths of yon thick wooded glade.
In fancy does it seem to me the gaze
Of this bleak world, and yonder children fair,
Of the dim forest, those who, suffering
On the earth are wither'd with its coldness.
Mark'd you the giant oak lifting to Heav'n,
Its nervous arms as if in impotent
Impatience of its fate? While the slight birch
Bend, yielding to her grief, oppressed with woe.
But see the tall and stately cypress, clad
In her dark folds of mourning hue! She gives
No utterance forth to all her pain, betrays
No symptom of crushed earthborn hopes, but in
Calm, peaceful holiness awaits her fate! *B. E. B.*

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But spreads aloft!

"The Cabin by the Wayside." Lady Campbell.

I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and
That thou of very faithfulness hast caused me to be
troubled.

Ps. cxix., v. 75.

O Saviour, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wanderings and guided my way,
Ador'd be the power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to
betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy,
And still in displeasure Thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below,
The moonlight shone fair; there was blight in the
beam,
Sweet whisper'd the breeze, but it whisper'd of woe,
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity display'd,
And still did the eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.

I thought that the course of the Pilgrim to Heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the
morn,

Thou shew'st me the path, it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn ;
I asked for the Palm branch, the robe, and the crown ;
I asked—and thou shew'd'st me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed at length to Thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign,
Oh! give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below,
There is rest, but it dwells in the Presence of God.

R. Grant.

When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, fadeth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease, and new.
What hope? What help? What music will undo
That silence to your sense?

Mrs. Browning.

. But behold!

Upon her face there was the tint of grief :
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if it's lid was charged with unshed tears.

"The Dream." Byron.

But grief should be the instructor of the wise ;
Sorrow is knowledge, and they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth ;
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.

His aspirations

Have been beyond the dwellers upon earth,
And they have only taught him what we know,
That knowledge is not happiness, and science,
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
This should have been a noble creature, he.
He hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been widely mingled, as it is
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mingled and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive.

"Manfred." Byron

Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie?
Do ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish that the morn could bring back the time
When your heart and your step were so light?
I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
And of all that I joyed in them;
But the brightest that ever arose on me,
I have never wished back again.

Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye gather these up as they faded past,
Like buds with an early blight?
I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
And I mourn not their stay was fleet,
For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,
And were ever in falling sweet.

Do you think of the Friends that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish they were round you again once more,
By the hearth that they made so bright?
I think of the Friends that are gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then,
But the best and the dearest among them all
I have never wished back again.

A PORTRAIT.

Large, lustrous eyes of tender brown,
Through veiling lashes softly gleaming down ;
A smooth and thoughtful brow, and passing fair,
Border'd by heavy bands of glossy hair.
A mouth whose sweetness no conceit might spoil,
Nor paint the pallid roses of her cheek,
A form whose tranquil and uncommon gaze,
Matched well the pensive beauty of her face ;
Kindness that would unspoken prayers forestall,
And gentle courtesy alike for all.
And yet a Presence felt, though undefined,
That seemed to hold her parted from her kind.
A something o'er her placid face that swept,
A look that told of hoarded treasure's kept,
Like jewels, in old coffers, rarely seen,
That came and went, and scarcely changed her mien ;
The sudden shadow of an ancient pain,
Faint echo of some far-off minor strain.

Anna Blackwell.

SYMPATHY.

In this sad world where mortals must
Be almost strangers,
Should we not turn to those we trust
To save us from our dangers?

There whispers in my ear again,
And this believe :
That aught that gives thy dear heart pain
Makes my heart grieve.
God wills that we have sorrow here,
And we will share it,
Whisper thy sorrow in my ear,
That I may also bear it.
If anywhere our trouble seems
To find an end,
'Tis in the fairyland of dreams,
Or with a Friend.

Give me not what I ask, but what is good,
Merciful Saviour—unto Thee I look.
Oh! teach me these repining thoughts to brook ;
I know I were not happier, though endued
With all on which my unbridled longings brood ;
For joy hath ever been to me a gale,
Which, like some demon filling the glad sail,
Wanton'd awhile on summer seas and woo'd,
To tempt o'er hidden shoals. Make me Thine own,
And take me ; of myself I am afraid.
Oh! take me from myself. Oh! take away
Whate'er of self is in me, and I pray
Give one on what my spirit may be stay'd,
And that I know full well is but Thyself alone.

Williams' "Thoughts in Past Years."

AFFLUENCE.

Lazarus is at the gate ; thou know'st it not,
Or, ah ! too well I know thy heart would bleed,
Howbeit used on gentle thoughts to feed.
But wall'd about with blessings is thy lot,
While dark winds prow! about and are forgot.
Nor even dost thou sorrow feel, nor heed
Poverty's stern family, from clouds of need,
Cow'ring and huddling 'neath the wintry cot.
Thou know'st it not ! Thy Saviour is on earth,
And thou may'st find Him in affliction's smile
By the lone widow's side, and the cold hearth
Of earth bow'd Eld, and clothe Him in His poor.
Oh ! haste ! for time is on the wing, and while
Thou know'st it not, thy Judge is at the door.

Williams' "Thoughts in Past Years."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

The Beautiful was meant as a refining
And purifying influence, to tend
Above us, like the stars serenely shining
With all our secret thoughts and hopes to blend.
'Twas given not to centre our affection
Upon itself. The Beautiful alone,
But to be sought and loved as the reflection
Of hidden beauty in a world unknown.
'Twas sent to animate, to cheer, to brighten,
Our earthly course, to fan us with its wing,
'Twas meant to pass away, that it might heighten
Our aspirations after higher things.

Fly, envious time, till thou run out thy race,
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross.
So little is our loss, so little is thy gain,
For when, with each bad thing thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
And truth, and peace, and love for ever shine.
About the supreme throne
Of Him, unto whose happy making right alone,
When once our Heavenly guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit
Triumphing over Death, and chance, and Thee,
O Time.

"Life of Charles Kingsley," Vol. ii., p. 477.

O! Thou whose wise, patient love
Hath brought my active vigour down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And, prostrate at Thy gracious Throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by
Thy will I can no longer do,
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show.
My patience may Thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since without Thy Spirit's might
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask in Jesu's right,
The strength He did for me procure.
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with Faith my feeble heart.

Oh! let me live of Thee possessed,
In weakness, weariness, and pain,
The anguish of my labouring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain.
For Him that languished on the tree,
But lived, before He died, for me.

"Till Death us do part!"
So speaks the Heart,
When each to each repeats the word of Doom;
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We shall be one till that dread hour shall come.

A. P. Stanley.

All are not taken! there are left behind
Living beloveds, tender looks to bring
And make the daylight still a blessed thing;
And tender voices to make soft the wind,
But if it were not so. If I could find
No love in all the world to answer me,
Nor any pathway but rang hollowly,
Where dust to dust, the love from life disjoined,
And if with parched lips,—as in a dearth
Of water springs, the very deserts claim,
I uttered to those sepulchres immoving
The bitter cry—Where are ye, O! my loving?
I know a voice would sound: "Daughter, I am;
Can I suffice for Heaven and not for earth?"

E. Barrett Browning.

In memory of Charlotte, Viscountess Canning, who
died in India, 1861.—*Robert Lytton.*

Dead, art thou dead! The noblest and the best
Of Albion's noble daughters! nor alone
Of face and form most fair, but fairer thou
In lovely deeds—the loveliness of Saints!
O! unforgot; tho' in far land—where now
By Burrockpore, beneath a parching sky,
Thou sleepest in the sighing of the Palm,
And sound of sultry summers! Yet, sweet soul,
That sleepest in the Lord, beloved of Him,
That "giveth His beloved sleep," not less
Thy sacred ashes, till the trump of God
Shatters Death's drowsy doors, and bid thee join

Thy Saviour—and thy sister saints,—shall lack
No added sweetness in their humble grave;
But roses fresh and fair, by loving hands,
Shall oft be cull'd, and that victorious palm
Meet emblems of thy sweetness, and of Death,
Like thine—triumphant in the tomb, to deck
Thy resting place, to sad Remembrance dear,
For sad Remembrance that with tears returns
How oft! among thy gracious days can find
No blemish there, but noble faith serene,
And high obedience to the Heavenly Head,
And footsteps faithful to the shepherd's call,
And all that makes the memory of Thee
Sweet even in its sadness for Thy sake.

It seems but yesterday she died, but years
Have passed since then; the wondrous change of
time
Makes great things little; little things sublime,
And sanctifies the dew of daily tears.
She died, we all must die; no trace appears
In history's page; nor save in my poor rhyme,
Of her, whose life was here, whose lovely prime
Passed sadly where no sorrows are, nor fears.
It seems but yesterday; to-day I read
A few short letters in her own dear hand;
And doubted if 'twere true. Their tender grace
Seems radiant with her life. Oh! can the dead
Thus in their letters live? I tied the band
And kissed her name as though I kissed her face.

"Old Letters." Lord Rosslyn.

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
Yes—but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength,
Not our bloom only, but our strength decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more weakly strung?

Yes—this and more ; but not
Ah! 'tis not what in youth we dream'd 'twould be,
'Tis not to have our life
Mellow'd and soften'd as with sunset glow,
A golden day's decline.

'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eye,
And heart profoundly stirr'd,
And weep and feel the fulness of the past,
The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days,
And not once feel that we were young ;
It is to add immured
In the hot prison of the present ; month
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this
And feel but half, and feebly what we feel
Deep in our hidden heart,
Festers the dull remembrance of a change
But no emotion—none.

It is last stage of all,
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The Phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost,
Which planned the living man.

"Growing Old." Matthew Arnold.

But see the fading many colour'd roads,
Shade deepening over shade ; the country round
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dim
Of every hue from wan, declining green
To sooty dark
When even at last the solemn hour shall come
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable,
Come then, expressive silence, mine the praise !

"Thomson's Season's." "Love and Life."

Death was full urgent with thee, Sister, dear,
And startling in his speed.
Brief pain, then languour till thy end came near,
Such was the path decreed.
The hurried word,
To lead thy soul from earth, to thine own God's abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet one, impatiently,
Yet merciful the haste,
That baffles sickness.—Dearest, thou did'st die,
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness.
Decline's slow wasting charm, or fever's fierce distress.

Death came unheralded: but it was well
For so thy Saviour bore,
Kind witness, thou wast meet to dwell
On His eternal shore;
All warning spared,
For none is given when hearts are for prompt change
prepared.

Death wrought in mystery both complaint and cure,
To human skill unknown;
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast caught
away.

Death, urgent as scant time—lest, Sister dear,
We many a lingering day
Had sicken'd with alternate hope and fear,
The ague of delay.
Watching each spark
Of promise quenched in turn till all our sky was dark.

Death came sweet—that so thy image might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thought and bright,
With life and loveliness.
Sorrow can claim,
Sister—nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes,
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories,
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee,
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

"Consolation in Bereavement." John H. Newman.

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean and on shore.
I know not where His Islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

"Broadlands as it was." E. Clifford.

HYMN ON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Stay, Master! stay upon this heavenly hill,
A little longer let us linger still,
With those two mighty ones of old, beside,
Near to the Angel presence still abide.
Before the throne of light, we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the Spirit land.

Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air,
This life is not the life that waits us there,
Thoughts, feelings, flashes come and go,
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know,
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow eternally.

“No,” saith the Lord; the hour is past, we go
Our home, our life, our duties lie below,
While here we kneel upon this mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there.
Here we sought God, that we might know His will,
There we must do it, serve Him, seek Him still.

If man aspires to reach the Throne of God,
O'er the dark plains of earth must be the road.
He who but does his lowly duty here
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere,
At God's own feet our spirit's seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him, who serves Him best.

“Macmillan's Magazine,” April, 1870.


Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's Messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
And ere His shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first, His heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before Him all thou hast, allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow ;
Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmorial calmness ; Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great Thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end.

Aubrey de Vere. "Spectator," April 27, 1889.

Lines written by the Bishop of Ossory, on the
death of young Arthur Kavanagh, R.N., 1882.

We asked life of Thee, O, Lord,
Both life and length of days,
Thou heard'st our prayers, but answered them
In Thy mysterious ways.

Thou gav'st him life—the blessed life
That comes through faith in Thee,
And then the everlasting life
Of immortality.



We bless Thee 'mid our grief and tears,
We know and kiss the rod,
For, through the grave and gate of Death
Our loved one passed to God.

The waves are passed, the storm is o'er, ,
For him the post is gained,
For us his blessedness assured,
God's mystery explained.

Lord, come Thyself, and fill this blank,
Let Heaven the nearer be,
Be more to us for that dear child,
Who has gone Home to thee.

So from the ages they have gone,
Those seven years,
Receding as the months roll on,
Yet very oft my fancy hears,
Your voice—'twas music to my ears,
Those seven years.

Can hearts be one? then ours were one—
One for laughter and one for tears,
Knit together in hopes and fears,
Those seven years.

How, perchance, do they seem to you,
Those seven years.

Spirit free in the wider blue,
When time in eternity disappears.

What if all you have learnt but
The more endears
Those seven years.

Lord Houghton.

Hartley Coleridge.

Lines on the death of Dean Church.

Too great to praise in idle song,
They best revere his name,
Who learn the lessons that he taught them long,
By voice or book the same.
To curb the impulse that misleads
The temper that betrays,
Only to think the thought, to do the deeds
That swell the song of Praise.
To hope when shadows darken fast
This life of doubt and sin,
To find from humbling lessons of the past,
Strength and self discipline.

Thou art gone to the grave,
And we will not deplore thee,
Though darkness and sorrow encompass
the tomb,
Thy Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide
through the gloom.

Bishop Heber.

They say that "All is well," that "all of bliss
Is his"—but 'tis the living touch I miss,
And of His dawning glory not a doubt
Ever arises—but I stand without ;
It needs a higher faith than mine to see,

That though I know his peace, that 'tis well for me,
My tender little boy. I dare not think
Of all his fond endearments; lest I sink
To desolation;—Was it not too much
To hope to keep him, when I know that such
As Angels do their Father's face behold?
And lilies soonest white are planted in the fold.
Ah! they that sow in tears in joy shall reap,
And I some day all tired may fall asleep,
And in one moment find my boy again,
Learning through Christ the blessedness of pain.
God's aftermath is sweeter than the bloom,
And Heaven shall make most clear what earth
has veiled in gloom.

By Cara G. Whiton Stone.

. Praise; and Prayer,
A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart,
Issuing, however, feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking Faith by Virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—conscience revered and obeyed,
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And His most perfect image in the world.

"The Excursion." Wordsworth.

Lines written by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in
memory of his mother.

Dear Saint, whose image though long
 years have fled,
Since thou wast numbered with the
 viewless dead,
Still with my heart's best treasures holds
 a place,
Time fondly hallows, nor can e'er efface ;
I love thee now, ere life quite ebbs away,
And this last tribute to thy virtues pay.
For many a year one desolating trace
Dimm'd the clear eye and marr'd the
 genial face.

For many a year the weeds of mourning told
Her love by sorrow harden'd grows not old ;
But soon the tears not Heav'n itself could chide,
And all foreboding cares were dash'd aside.
Thoughts, nursed by hope, thy bosom nobly
 stirr'd,

What purpose flagg'd when Duty's call
 was heard?

Oh! loved and honoured to life's latest beat,
Dwell e'en as now, in memory's faithful seat,
Oh! type of those who most by worth excel
In one dear word, my mother, fare thee well.

"Life of Stratford Canning," Vol. ii., p. 15.

Read nature ; nature is a friend to truth,
Nature is christian ; preaches to mankind,
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

Young.

All passes with the passing of the days,
All but great Death—Death the one thing that is
Which passes not with passing of the days!

"Dean Church's Life," p. 146.

When first my life was crown'd
With bliss beyond all seeking,
Kind Friends came rushing round,
Sweet words of comfort speaking.

Henceforth thy days will lengthen,
Henceforth the sky grow brighter,
Henceforth thy strength will strengthen,
Henceforth thy load be lighter.

And now—that bliss has fled,
The joyous crowd has vanished
Far, far amongst the dead,
My light, my love, is banished.

Yet still perchance this day
May give its former greeting,
Still point the homeward way,
To our eternal meeting.

Henceforth each flying year,
The waiting shall diminish ;
The day of union draws more near,
Their weary toils to finish.

Henceforth the length'ning hours
Shall gain a purer light,
And Heaven's far distant towers
Shine closer and more bright.

"Letters of Dean Stanley," p. 410.

Amen. "Now letteth Thou Thy servant depart in
peace according to Thy word,"

Although mine eyes may not have fully seen
Thy great Salvation, surely there have been
Enough of sorrow, and enough of sight
To show the way from darkness unto light ;
And Thou hast brought me through a wilderness of
pain

To love the sorest paths, if soonest they attain.

Enough of sorrow, for the heart to cry,
"Not for myself, or for my kind, am I,
Enough of sight for reason to disclose,
The more I learn, the less my knowledge grows."
Ah ! not as citizens of this new sphere,
But aliens militant we sojourn here,
Invested by the hoards of evil and of wrong,
'Till Thou shalt come again with all Thy Angel
throng.

As Thou hast found me ready to Thy call,
Which stationed me to watch the outer wall,
And quitting joy and hopes that once were mine,
To pass with patient steps this narrow line,
Oh! may it be that coming soon or late,
Thou still shalt find Thy soldier at the gate,
Who then may follow Thee till night needs not to
 prove,
And faith will be dissolved in knowledge of Thy love.

George John Romanes.

Think not the sorrow that is deep to gauge
 With the light plummet idle hearts employ,
Think not the fires of anguish to assuage,
 Nor feel the flames thou goest to destroy.
 Who would come to other's aid,
 Must the pain of grief have paid;
 Must the way have got by heart;
 Who would be another's guide
 Must by pain be qualified.

"Of Sorrow." Mrs. Fuller Maitland.

For who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of Death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,

And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there
The fixed yet tender trails that streak
The languour the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad and shrouded eye
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Whose cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon.
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, aye—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power.
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by Death revealed;
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more,
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair—
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Here is the loveliness of Death,
That parts not quite with parting breath,
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay.

Byron's "Giaour."

Then I gazed for the first time on that sweet face ;
 Those eyes,
From out of which as from a window shown,
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it for ever. Then the Word
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical.

Oh! every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain,
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the Alder's veins grow crimson,
And the birds go North again.

And every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain,
But a day is always coming,
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over,
And the birds go North again.

"Spectator," Jan. 27, 1900. Ella Higginson.

Glorious is the blending
Of right affections, climbing or descending
Along a vale of light, and life, with cares
Alternate, carrying holy thoughts and prayers
Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High,
Descending to the worm in charity ;
Like those good Angels whom a gleam of night
Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight,
All, while he slept, treading the pendant stairs
Earthward, and Heavenward, radiant Messengers
That with a perfect will in one accord,
Of strict obedience, served the Almighty Lord,
And with untiring humility forbore
To speed their errand by the wings they bore.

"Humanity," Wordsworth.

This noble example to his flock he gave :
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.

Chaucer.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me, night and day,
For what are now more better than sheep or goats,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves, and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Morte d'Arthur.

Deep on the Convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon ;
My breath to Heaven like vapour goes,
May my soul follow soon !
The shadow of the Convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make thou my spirit pure and clear,
As are the frosty skies,
On this first snowdrop of the year,
Which in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground,
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round.
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee,
So in my earthly home I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the Heavens, O, Lord ! and far
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her stony floors,
And strews her light below ;
And deeper on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within,
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure from sin.
The sabbath of eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide,
A light upon the shining sea,
The Bridegroom with His Bride. *St. Agnes.*

Alas ! from the beginning love is whole
And true ; if sure of nought beside, more sure
Of its own truth at least ; use may endure
A crowd to see its face, that cannot know
How hot the pulses throb its heart below,
What its own helplessness and utter want
Of means, to worthily be ministrant
To what it worships, do not fan the more
Its flame, exalt the idol far before
Itself, as it would have it ever be.

R. Lytton.

But never was any man yet, as I ween, be he
whosoever he may,
That has known what a true Friend is, will, and
wished that knowledge away.
You were proud of my promise, faithful despite
of my fall,
Sad when the world seem'd over sweet, sweet where
the world turned gall.
When I cloak'd myself in the pride of peace, from
what God grieved to see,
You saw through the glittering lie of it all, and
silently mourn'd for me.
When the world took back what the world had given,
And scorn with praise changed place,
I from my sackcloth and ashes look'd up, and saw
hope glow in your face.

Ibid.

That autumn eve was stilled,
A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch flame turned
By the wind back on its bearer's hand,
In one long flame of crimson, as a band,
The woods beneath turned black.

"Sordello." Browning.

“Take up thy cross.” What mean those solemn words
Which fall so sadly on the heart and ear?
They mean not surely simple acquiescence
In the will supreme of Him who made us.
The hopeless striving against Fate,
The throes and struggles of a drowning wretch
Who knows himself beyond the reach of aid.
Ah, no! *To take* not only is to *bear*.
The words imply a nobler task than that :
They mean the subjugation of our will,
The offering all we are, and all we love,
To God. They mean the crucifying self,
That idol which usurps the place of Christ,
And claims allegiance due to Him alone.
They mean the lifting up the heart and soul
Above this sinful transitory world,
To where the glorious Church triumphant sings
Its Hallelujahs in the Courts of Heav’n.
They mean, in short, the treading in the steps
Of that dear Lord, who died that we might live,
That we may one day see Him as he is,
And our immortal souls be satisfied.

G. B.

Not until the sunset glow has faded,
And night succeeds the garish light of day,
When all that's brilliant from our sight has faded,
Do stars appear to guide us on our way.

One by one they rise, and pierce the darkness,
One by one they show their glorious light,
Filling all the sky above with brightness,
Whilst earth is wrapt in the dark gloom of night.

And then we upward turn our longing eye,
Eager to mark the Planet's rapid flight ;
We gaze upon the Firmament on high,
Till Heav'n appears to open to our sight.

Yet still earth claims and holds our best affections.
Yea! even whilst our eye is fixed above,
The cares of life, and all its dire deceptions
Claim and absorb our deepest, warmest love.

Not so the mariner of old did steer,
Though compass he had none to guide his way ;
He only watched the starry Hemisphere,
As we might strive our gaze on Heav'n to stay.

For well we know that there our Harbour lies,
That not until we reach th' eternal shore,
And all our love is fix'd beyond the skies,
The struggles of this mortal life are o'er.

G. B.

Thoughts suggested by the Crucifix, which rises
above the Town of Carlsbad.

Conqueror of pain! I lift to Thee mine eye,
In faith and love and deep humility.
Thou knowest, Lord, our trials here below,
Oh! teach us how to bear them. How to know
That what Thou orderest is, and must be best,
That all our bitter pain and weariness
Should lead us heavy laden to Thy feet,
Most blessed Jesu! Give us what is meet,
Oh! give us what without Thee we have not,
Grant us Thy peace, and cleanse us from the blot
Of sin. And though our sight is dim and dark,
Let us not waver, but calmly wait and mark
The dawning of that bright and glorious day
When all our trials shall be ta'en away;
When Thine elect, all standing round Thy throne,
Shall see Thee as Thou art, and gladly own
That Thou art Lord. The mighty holy one,
By whom alone we've strength to overcome;
And inasmuch as now we cleave to Thee,
In weakness, sorrow, and perplexity,
Be Thou our shield and our abiding place,
Till time is o'er, and we have run our race,
Finish'd our course, and conquerors through Thee,
Adore Thee, Saviour King, throughout eternity.

Psalm xxxi., v. 17.

At Thy command, most mighty Lord,
From stony rock sweet honey poured,
Do Thou from stony griefs distil,
Sweet comfort sorrowing hearts to fill.
The help which we receive from Thee,
May others share and strengthen'd be,
To bear the heavy weight of woe,
Which else would crush them here below.
Teach us to raise our weeping eyes,
To scan the glory of the skies,
And, trusting, simply to Thy word,
We own Thy pow'r and love, O, Lord!
May each new year e'er find us still
Striving in faith to do Thy will,
And may our short'ning days on earth
Prepare us for our Heavenly birth;
Till, when Thou see'st our task is done,
Thou call'st us, Father, to Thy Throne. G. B.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1900.

In the cloud th' Almighty placed His bow,
Radiant with beauty, colour, and with light,
His Covenant with man! that we might know
And e'er draw nearer to those Realms so bright.

The years roll on, and Time's relentless hand
Scatters the hopes, the joys, the gems of life;
But, faithful to His word, the Lord will stand
With outstretch'd arm to help us in the strife.

Then fearless let us greet the coming year
Faithfully endeavour to fulfil our part,
Whether in joy, or with the mourner's tears,
In peace, or with a broken contrite heart.

God over-rules—He ever knows what's best,
His will be done on earth, as 'tis in Heav'n,
If but His blessing leads us to our rest,
And makes us worthy of His mercies given.

G. B.

